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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Travels in Brazil, in the years 1815-6-7.
By Prince Maximilian, of Wied-Neuwied. London. 1820, 4to, pp. 335.

Our last Number commenced with the review of a *ci-devant* King historian: this begins with the notice of a Prince traveller and man of science. Certainly, the fraternity of authors must feel elevated by the junction of such distinguished auxiliaries. With the pursuits and talents of Prince Maximilian our readers are partially acquainted, as we have had several opportunities of laying before them accounts of his Highness's proceedings in Brazil. We shall therefore abstain from preface, and, taking it for granted that the writer and his course are sufficiently known, fall at once into the middle of his scientific labours, especially as a naturalist; and curious observations on the natives, whose haunts he has explored, under the protection of the government, and whose habits he has described more minutely than any preceding traveller.

The first excursion from Rio Janeiro, is to Cape Frio. The author set out on the 4th of August, and almost immediately got into the heart of scenery of the grandest kind, and teeming with botanical and animal wonders. A brief extract here will afford an idea of the country, and of the author's inquiries and mode of stating their result.

The forest itself was a dark wilderness of ancient trees of colossal magnitude, composed of the *mimosa*, *lignum vitae*, *bombax*, *bignonia*, and others, which as usual, were attended by a number of parasite plants, such as *bromelia*, *epidendrum*, *passiflora*, *bauhinia*, *banisteria*, &c. the climbing stems of which are rooted in the ground, while their leaves and flowers occupy only the highest summits of their supporters; they cannot therefore be examined without cutting down one of those gigantic monarchs of the forest, the extreme hardness of whose wood often defies the sharpest axe. Among these creeping plants, a *bauhinia* is very remarkable: its strong woody branches always grow in alternate arcs of circles: the concavity of each arc is as artificially hollowed, as if the guaging chisel of a statuary had been employed for the purpose, and on the opposite

site convex side is a short blunt thorn. This singular plant, which might easily be mistaken for a production of art, climbs into the tops of the highest trees. Its leaf is small and bilobed: but I never saw the flower, though the plant itself is very common. The odour exhaled by many of these creeping plants is strong, but extremely various: the *cipo cravo* smells very agreeably, something like cloves; another, on the contrary, which is mentioned by La Condamine as growing on the banks of the Amazons, has the smell of garlic. Many of them shoot downwards long branches, which take root: thus impeding the progress of the traveller, who must cut them down before he can proceed. Such pendent branches, when agitated by the wind, frequently inflict severe blows on the traveller in these forests. In general, vegetation is so luxuriant in these climates; that every old tree we saw presented a botanical garden of plants, often difficult to come at, and certainly for the most part unknown.

We shot many fine birds here: amongst others, the *trogon viridis* of Linneus was very common; his voice and oft-repeated whistle, sinking from high to low, is every where heard. We soon learned to imitate it, and could thus easily entice the bird, which settled on low branches near us, where we could shoot it with ease. Woodpeckers, of different beautiful species, were equally numerous. We often killed great numbers of the little parrots with a wedge-shaped tail, here called *tiribas*. Towards evening I had the good fortune to obtain the *paro*, or red-necked magpie of Azara. This is a beautiful black bird, of the size of a crow, the fore-part of the neck of a brilliant red colour. Mr. Sellow did not find many new plants; but he frequently met with the *astracera ligita*, bearing a red and white striped flower. He also caught a snake, which, though very common here, is the most beautiful of its species. This animal is known in the country by the names of *cobra coral*, or *corals*; but it must not be confounded with the *corals* described by Læpepe and others. The name of coral-snake is most justly assigned to it; the most brilliant scarlet alternates on its smooth body with black and greenish white rings, so that this innocent reptile may be compared with a string of variegated beads. I have frequently preserved it in spirits of wine; but could never succeed in retaining its fine red colour. In the Linnean system this species of snake has doubtless been described by the name of *coluber fulvius*, from specimens which had lost their splendid hues in spirits.

From Cape Frio the Prince journeyed across the country to St. Salvador, on

the river Paraiba. We copy the most novel particulars.—

The route over a sandy soil was fatiguing, but the magnificent scenery of the forest richly indemnified us for every exertion. Upon the trunk of a tree which grew obliquely, I found a lead-coloured snake six or seven feet long, which I shall denominate *coluber plumbeus*. It suffered us all to ride past without moving. I had desired one of my hunters to shoot it, but a negro, who carried the plants we collected, was with great difficulty prevailed upon to carry this large, wholly innoxious animal, which we tied up in a cloth at the end of a long stick, across his shoulders. After he had gone a considerable distance, he perceived a slight motion in his burden, and was so terrified, that he threw it down and ran away.

Near the river Ostras, before you reach the sea-beach again by this road, you pass over some hills, which are for the most part covered with a species of reed from thirty to forty feet in height, called *taquarassu*, or the great cane. Its colossal stems, which are as much as six inches in diameter, shoot upwards, and have a gentle bend at the top: the leaves are feathery, and upon the branches are short strong thorns, which render such a barrier impenetrable. This kind of bamboo forms extremely intricate thickets, which from their numerous dry leaves and their withered sheaths produce, with the slightest wind, a peculiar rustling noise. They are extremely welcome to the hunter; for on cutting off such a reed below the joint, the stem of the younger shoots is found to be full of a cool pleasant liquid, though of a rather flat, sweetish taste, which immediately quenches the most burning thirst. This remarkable plant loves mountainous, dry situations; it therefore abounds particularly in the capitania of Minas Geraes, where drinking-vessels are made out of its stems.

At St. Fidelis a visit is paid to a tribe of the Puris, whose good-will had been previously secured by presents. The author thus relates the circumstances—

We had scarcely left the house the next morning, when we perceived the Indians coming out of the woods. We hastened to meet them, treated them immediately with brandy, and accompanied them to the forest. When we rode round the sugar-works of the

• The length of this animal was six feet, one inch, four lines; it had two hundred and twenty-four divisions on the belly, and seventy-nine pair of tail-scales. The upper parts are of a dark lead colour; the lower of a fine yellowish white, shining like porcelain.

fazenda, we found the whole horde of the Puris lying on the grass. The groups of naked brown figures presented a most singular and highly interesting spectacle. Men, women, and children, were huddled together, and contemplated us with curious but timid looks. They had all adorned themselves as much as possible: only a few of the women wore a cloth round the waist or over the breast; but most of them were without any covering. Some of the men had by way of ornament a piece of the skin of a monkey, of the kind called *mono (ateles)* fastened round their brows; and we observed also a few who had cut off their hair quite close. The women carried their little children partly in handbags made of bass, which were fastened over the right shoulder; others carried them on their backs, supported by broad bandages passing over the forehead. This is the manner in which they usually carry their baskets of provisions when they travel. Some of the men and girls were much painted; they had a red spot on the forehead and cheeks, and some of them red stripes on the face; others had black stripes lengthwise, and transverse strokes with dots over the body; and many of the little children were marked all over, like a leopard, with little black dots. This painting seems to be arbitrary, and to be regulated by their individual taste. Some of the girls wore a certain kind of ribbons round their heads; and the females in general fasten a bandage of bass or cord tightly round the wrists and ancles, as they say, to make those parts small and elegant.

The figure of the men is in general robust, squat, and often very muscular; the head large and round; the face broad, with mostly high cheek-bones; the eyes black, small, and sometimes oblique; the nose short and broad, and their teeth very white; but some were distinguished by sharp features, small aquiline noses, and very lively eyes, which in very few of them have a pleasing look, but in most a grave, gloomy, and cunning expression, shaded by their projecting foreheads.

One of the men was distinguished from all the rest by his Calmuck physiognomy; he had a large round head, the hair of which was all cut to an inch in length; a very muscular robust body; a short thick neck; a broad flat face; his eyes, which were placed obliquely, were rather larger than those of the Calmucks usually are, very black, bushy, and wild; the eye-brows were black, bushy, and much arched; the nose small, but with wide nostrils; the lips rather thick. This fellow, who, as our attendants said, had never been seen here before, appeared to us all so formidable, that we unanimously declared we should not like to meet him alone unarmed in a solitary place. The Puris are in general very short, and all the Brazilian tribes are inferior in this respect to the Europeans, and even to the Negroes. All the men here carried their weapons, consisting of long bows and arrows, in their hands.

Fire, which the Puris call *poté*, is a prime necessary of life with all the Brazilian tribes: they never suffer it to go out, and keep it up the whole night, because they would other-

wise, owing to the want of clothing, suffer severely from the cold; and because it is also attended with the important advantage of scaring all wild beasts from their huts. Such a habitation is abandoned by the savages without regret, when the adjacent country no longer supplies them with a sufficiency of food; they then remove to other parts where they find greater abundance of monkeys, atine, deer, *pacas*, *agutis*, and other game. In this neighbourhood the Puris are reported to have shot a great number of the hearded ape, and they in fact offered to sell us several half-roasted pieces of that animal; one of these was a head, the other a breast with the arms, but without the head; a truly disgusting sight! especially because they roast all their game with the skin on, which is thus scorched black. These tough half-raw dainties they tear in pieces with their strong white teeth. They are said to devour in the same manner human flesh out of revenge; but as for their eating their own deceased relations, as a last token of affection, according to the report of some early writers, no trace of such a custom is to be found, at least in our times, among the *Tapiayas* on the east coast. The Portuguese on the Paraíba universally assert that the Puris feast on the flesh of the apes they have killed, and there really seems to be some truth in this assertion, as will appear in the sequel; but they would never confess it to us. When we questioned them on the subject, they answered that the *Botocudos* only had this custom. Mawe relates that the Indians at Santa Gallo ate birds without plucking them. I never saw a savage do this; they even carefully take out the entrails, and probably had a mind to amuse the English traveller by shewing him some extraordinary trick.

In the huts there were great numbers of women and children; and in some of them several sleeping-nets, though in general there was only one in each hut. A Puri, on my offering him a knife, took down his sleeping-net and delivered it to me: others bartered away the bands of apes' skin round their forehead, their necklaces, and the like. Mr. Freyreiss entered into a negotiation with one of the Puris for the purchase of his son, and offered him various articles in exchange. The women consulted aloud, in the singing tone peculiar to them, and some of them with gestures indicative of disapprobation; most of their words ended in *a*, and were drawn out, which produced a very loud and singular concert. It was evident that they were unwilling to part with the boy; but the head of the family, an elderly grave-looking man with good features, spoke a few words with great emphasis, and then stood for some time lost in thought with his eyes fixed on the ground: a shirt, two knives, a handkerchief, some strings of coloured glass beads, and some small mirrors, were successively given to him: he could not withstand this temptation: he went into the wood, and soon returned leading by the hand a boy, who was however ugly, and in some measure deformed, and was therefore rejected; hereupon he brought a second, who was accepted. It is incredible with what indifference

this boy heard his fate. He did not change countenance, or even take leave of his friends, but mounted cheerfully behind Mr. Freyreiss. This callous indifference on all occasions, whether agreeable or melancholy, is met with among all the American tribes. Joy and grief make no lively impression on them; they are seldom seen to laugh, and not often heard to speak very loud. Their most urgent craving is food; their stomach requires to be constantly filled; they accordingly eat uncommonly quick, with greedy looks, their whole attention being directed to their repast. But they are said to be equally capable of enduring hunger for a long time.

As we could not obtain flour at the *fazenda* to feed all these people, we considered of other means to satisfy the loud calls of their stomachs. The master of the house gave us a small hog, which we presented to them, telling them to shoot it themselves; so that we had an opportunity of seeing with what savage cruelty they prepare animals for their food. The hog was eating near the house; a Puri advanced softly, and shot it too high, under the back-bone; it ran away screaming, and dragging the arrow along with it. The savage then took a second arrow, shot the animal, while running, in the shoulder, and then caught it. Meantime the women had kindled a fire. When we all came up, they shot the animal again in the neck, to dispatch it, and then in the breast. It was not, however, yet dead; it lay screaming and bleeding profusely: but without regard to its cries, they threw it alive into the fire to singe off the hair, and laughed heartily at the groans which its sufferings extorted. It was not till our loudly expressed displeasure at this barbarity became more and more impatient, that one of them advanced, and plunged a knife into the breast of the much tortured animal; on which they scraped off the hair, and immediately cut it up and divided it. From the small size of the animal, many of them did not obtain a share, and went back grumbling to their woods.

Our ensuing extracts are taken from a portion of the work which relates to the route from St. Salvador to the river Espirito Santo, and thence to the Rio-dore.

The heat being very intense, we suffered much from thirst, which our young Puri taught us an infallible method of allaying. This was to break off the middle stiff leaves of the bromelias, in the corners of which very good water from the rain and dew collects; and this nectar is caught by applying the plant quickly to the mouth.

On the projecting points of the coast, we this day found stony hills, upon which grew a great number of slender wild cocoa-palms, the fine leaves of which proudly waved in the

Neither here, nor in the sequel, did I find among the savages any confirmation of what Mr. Freyreiss says in Eschwege's Journal of Brazil, namely, that the savages never eat the flesh of animals which they have killed themselves.

fresh sea-breeze. The oyster-eater was every where common, as well as plovers and sand-pipers. In a beautiful ancient forest we were highly amused with the loud notes of various birds, among which, as the evening approached, an owl (*scops*) was also heard; parrots screamed aloud, and the sweet call of the *jao* (*tinamus*) resounded far off in this multitudinous concert, through the solitary wilderness. We took up our night's lodging at the *Fazenda de Agô*, where mandioca, cotton, and coffee, are cultivated. Extensive woods, filled with all kinds of wild beasts, nearly adjoin the plantations on the land side. In the preceding night, a large ounce (*yaguarê*, *felis onca*, Linn.) had killed a mare belonging to the proprietor, whose hunters, with their dogs, had in vain searched the neighbouring forests. Not far from the *fazenda*, a lofty rounded insulated mountain, called Morro de Agô, rises from among the contiguous woods. It consists of rocks and steep naked precipices, and is surrounded by high hills; its summit is said to command a magnificent prospect. Near the dwellings I found a little marsh, where I was astonished, at night-fall, by the remarkable voice of a frog hitherto unknown to me: it sounded exactly like a tinman or brazier working with his hammer; only the sound was on the whole deeper or fuller. It was not till long afterwards that I became better acquainted with this animal, which, on account of its voice, is called by the Portuguese the smith. Another curiosity, was a thick bush, of a kind of *heliconia*, which we had not yet seen; and which constantly bends down the stalks of its flowers arch-wise, at a certain height, and then turns up the end again; many flowers, with scarlet calices, cover the crooked part of the stalk, which is of an equally fine colour. This magnificent shrub formed a perfect bower.

Two of our hunters found in the wood a large venomous serpent. It lay quietly in a hollow, where it was not easy to get at it; one of them therefore mounted on a low tree, from which he shot the animal. This beautiful serpent is called in this country *curucú*, attains the length of eight or nine feet and a considerable thickness; is of a pale reddish yellow colour; with a row of lozenge-shaped spots on the back. The form of the shields, scales and tail, shews that it is the great viper of the woods of Cayenne and Surinam, described, though rather incorrectly, by Daudin, under the name of *luckesia*. Its bite is much dreaded, and persons who are wounded by it are said to die in less than six hours.

At Pedra de Agô the author says—

As evening came on, the cattle that had been out grazing began to assemble; we observed among them a singular sheep, which we learnt on enquiry to be a cross of a ram and a she-goat. The animal greatly resembled its dam; it was thick, corpulent, and round, had soft goat's hair, and the horns turned rather more outwards.

In these forests, now that the summer was just setting in, numerous butterflies of vari-

ous kinds, especially *nymphales*, were fluttering about. We found here the remarkable bag-shaped nest of a little bird of the tody genus, which always builds near the nests of a certain species of wasps, (*marimbondo*) for the purpose, as it is affirmed, of securing itself from the attacks of its enemies. I attempted to approach the nest of the bird, but was prevented by the wasps, which actually made their appearance immediately.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Poetical Decameron, or Ten Conversations on English Prose and Poetry, particularly of the Reigns of Elizabeth and James I. By J. Payne Collier, of the Middle Temple. Edinburgh and London, 1820. Cr. 8vo. 2 vols.

Mr. Collier, whose debut upon the lettered stage is, we believe, made on the present occasion, has pitched upon a period for research and elucidation, which has unrivalled charms for the lovers of English literature. In this he has evinced not only a sound judgement but a highly laudable ambition; and it gives us pleasure to add, that considerable stores of bibliographical information are the result of his inquiries. Having read much on the subject to which he has devoted his pen, Mr. C. has thrown the results into the form of dialogue, in which the interlocutors, three friends of the names of Blount, Elliot, and Morton, maintain the conversation in a pleasant manner. Of course the Decameron is divided into ten sittings. In these; the author's object, while canvassing the productions of our early writers, seems to have been to shun as much as possible the common places of poetry, and to adduce at least as much novelty as his purpose could bear. Nor is it to be supposed that preceding labourers in the same rich field have left him gleanings only: so far from it, we look to see rich harvests gathered in for many seasons yet to come, even after that of Mr. Collier's reaping. It is true, however, that the course which he has adopted, has led him more into the examination of rarities, than into the development of unknown beauties. He is more of the antiquarian than of the poetical critic. And as a literary antiquarian, he has been rewarded by the discovery, among other scarce tracts, of the original novel on which Shakespeare founded his Twelfth Night;—a poem dedicated to Isaac Walton, the celebrated angler, with which his biographers were not acquainted;... an original poem by Thomas Churchyard, never before quoted;... Lord Morley's translation of Petrarch's

Triumphs; Markham's heroic poem on Sir Richard Grenville; and several other curious tracts, little, if at all known, even to the most diligent bibliophiles. These matters alone are sufficient to recommend the Poetical Decameron to a large class of readers; and Mr. C. has endeavoured to make it more generally acceptable by the way in which he has relieved its dryness. We confess, that to our tastes it would have been more agreeable without a portion of this seasoning; but we have no doubt that it will render it more palatable and popular with the majority of our readers.

We extract a passage from the preface, to explain the author's own opinion on this point.

"With regard to the manner, the form of dialogue has been selected, as allowing more ease and familiarity of observation, and at the same time a greater facility of excursion from one book or from one subject to another. It is a saying of refined antiquity, that a meeting of friends should never consist of more than the Muses, or of fewer than the Graces: the latter has been chosen in this instance for greater convenience and simplicity, and as much diversity of character has been displayed as the nature of the conversations would easily allow. Congeniality of feeling was of course necessary, and different modifications of it was nearly all that could be attempted.

"There is but one of the succeeding conversations, the seventh, which can be properly called miscellaneous, for all the rest have one leading object, more or less strictly pursued. Thus in the first, a very rare poem of much talent by Fitzgeffrey, may be said to be the ground-work; all the digressions in their degrees contributing to illustrate it. The second treats particularly of the rise and progress of undramatic blank verse in English, used at least a century before the publication of Paradise Lost. The four next conversations are devoted to the origin and improvement of satirical poetry, of which Bishop Hall, with a little of what Lord Bacon calls "the varnish of boasting," falsely claims and has been generally admitted to be the earliest inventor or practiser, when, in truth, he was preceded by several celebrated writers. The seventh contains a collection of curious poems, independently of such as the author had introduced in his progress in furtherance of the main designs. The eighth criticises an original novel, on which Shakespeare founded his "Twelfth Night," very recently discovered, and unknown to all his numerous editors: it also adverts to other productions to which our great dramatic bard was indebted. The ninth and tenth conversations embrace a review of many of the most rare productions for and against theatrical performances from the earliest times to the Restoration: it of course includes not a few interesting particulars illustrative of the history of the stage, and

some tracts that have hitherto escaped notice."

There is an induction, which contains some pertinent remarks on Shakspeare and his Commentators; after disposing of whom the author proceeds to his "First Conversation." With this, relating to Charles Fitzgeffrey's poem on the death of Sir Francis Drake, we shall not now meddle more than to quote two verses from that performance.

"Their enemies fled with such great hast,
They left their roastmeate on the spit;
Hens and chickens well crou'd and baste,
Tables covered ready to sitte:
Wine, and sugar they found good store.
Their guests were come unlooked for."

"Vlyases with his Nauie great
In ten yeares space great valour wonne;
Yet all this time did no such feat,
As Drake within one yeere hath doone.
Both Turk and Pope and all our foes,
Doe dread this Drake where ere he goes."

Neither shall we go through the intervening conversations, which dwell largely on the early English satirists, but content ourselves with quoting from the 7th and 8th, such extracts as will afford fair grounds for judging Mr. Collier as an author.

The seventh conversation turns on books of miscellaneous character, which may be styled literary curiosities. It sets out with Churchyard, who "began writing in the reign of Edward VI., but 1559 is the earliest date of any extant and known performance by him, and he did not cease to publish until after the death of Elizabeth. [A very rare work of Churchyard's is then mentioned, which seems to have been unknown to Chalmers, Warton, and Ritson: *Bourne* says it is called] 'The Miserie of Flaynders, Calamitie of Fraunce, Misfortune of Portugal, Vanquishment of Ireland, Troubles of Scotland: And the blessed State of Englande. Written by Tho. Churchyard, Gent. 1579.' Imprinted at London for Andrew Maunsell. The size, you see, is the old small quarto, and it consists of only 20 leaves.

Parts of this poem might well apply to circumstances within our own recollection; for example, on the "Calamitie of Fraunce,"

"Thei lost in feeld two hundreth thousande men,
Yet still their mindes on murder ran so faste
Thei went about nothing but bloodshed then
To fight it out, as long as life might laste;
Revenge did worke & weane an endless webbe
Desire of will, a wofull threede did spinne,
The flood of hate, that neuer thinks of ebbe,
A swelling Sea of strife brought gushing in.
The moted wrathe had spred such braunches out,
That leaues of loue were blasted on the bowe,
Yet spitfull twigs began so faste to sprout
That from the harte the tree was rotten throwe.
No kindly sappe did comfort any sprae,
Both barke & stocke and bodye did decay:
So that it seemde the soile infected was
With malice moods that smells of mischief greate.
Their golden lande, was tournde to rustic Bras,
And eche thyng wrought, as God had curst the seate:

The ground thought scorne to bryng forth frute
in time,
The Vines did rotte, the blade would beare no corne,
Like winter foule became the Sommers Prime,
The pleasant plotts brought forth wilde brier & thorn
With Raine & storme the lande was vexed still;
The ire of God the people could not shine,
Great grewe the grief that came by headstrong will,
And all these plagues by proude conceit begonne,
That thought to rule perhaps past reasons lore;
Threats that who please, my muse not franche therefore."

And again—
"O Fraunce, who lookest vpon thy bloodie waist,
And notes but halfe the pagent thou hast plaied,
Will be therefore the wiser all their daies,
Or at the least, will howrely bee afraied
To plaie suche pranks as thou poore Fraunce hast doon:

Thou hadst a tyme and wretched race to run
For others weale, that can good warning take;
Thy neighbours have had laisure to regarde
The harms of thee, and so a mirrour make
Of thy greate doole and duffull destinie harde.
Can greater plagues bee seen in any soile
Then reuell rage and haucke euery waie!
A ciuile warre, with wicked waiste & spoile;
A deadlie botche that striketh stout harte by daie
And kills by night the harmles in his bedde:
O ciuile warre, thou hast a Hydraz hedde;
A Vipers kinde, a Serpentes nature throwe,
A Spider's shape, a forme of yglie Tode,
A Deuilshe face, a shamelesse blotched browe,
A bloodie hande at home & eke abroad."

Churchyard's picture of Scotland is also curious.

"Shall man that hath the reason to forbear
Be worse then beast? O God that fault forbid!
Shall malice find a place and succour there,
Where Gods greates gifts ought lie like treasure hid?
Shall harts of men (the temple of the Lorde)
Lodge murther vile, & nourish foule discorde?
Shall those that knowes what lawe & peace is worth
Breake Lawe and Peace, and breede dissention still?
The tree is bad that bryngs suche braunches forth,
The heddes are vaine, that shewes no deeper skill;
The ground is nought that breeds such scrattynge brers,
And soile not good where murther still appers."

The contrast with England shall finish our illustration.

"Here haue we scope to skippe or walke,
to ronne & plaie at base;
Still void of feare, and free of minde,
in euery pointe and cace.
Heere freends maie meete and talke at will,
the Prince and Lawe obaie;
And neether strange nor home borne childe,
of Fortune stands afraied.
Here hands doe reape the seeds, thei sowe,
and hands haue quiet sleepe;
And wisdom governs so the worlde,
that reason order keeps.
Here mercie rules, and mildnesse reigns
and peace greates plentie bryngs;
And solace in his sweetest voice
the Christmas carrowle syngs.
Here freends maie feast, and triumphe too,
in surctie void of ill;

And one the other welcome make
with mirth and warme good will.
The grounde it bryngs such blessing forth,
that glad are forraignes all,
Amid their want and hard extreemes
in fauour here to faill:
Here wounded staets doe heale their harms
and strangers still repaire;
When mischief makes them marche abroad,
and drine them in dispaire.
Here thousands haunt and find releeif,
that are in beouie cace.
And friendly folke with open armes
doethaillie soules embrace.
Here thyngs are cheape, and easly had,
no soile the like can shewe;
No state nor Kyngdome at this daie
doeth in such plentie flowe.
The trau'lar that hath paste the worlde,
and gone through many a lande:
When he comes home, and noets these thyngs,
to benen holds vp hande;
And museth how this little plotte
can yeeld suche pleasures greate:
It argues where suche graces growe,
that God hath blest the seate."

We wish we could say as much now!

This chapter also contains notices of Lewicke, who versified the well known story of Titus and Gisippus; of Markham, who wrote the tragedy of "Sir Richard Grenville, Knt.;" of Constable, from whom four unprinted Sonnets are inserted; and of others, their contemporaries.

The last of Constable's sonnets, which are addressed "to Sir Philip Sydney's Soule," is a good specimen of the poetry of the age.

Great Alexander then did well declare
How great was his united Kingdomes might,
When eu'ry Captaine of his Army might
After his death with mighty Kings compare:
So now we see after thy death, how far
Thou dost in worth surpasses each other Knight,

When we admire him as no mortal wight,
In whom the least of all thy vertues are:
One did of Macedon the King become,
Another sat on the Egyptian throne,
But onely Alexanders selfe had all:
So courteous some, and some be liberal,
Some witty, wise, yalliant, and learned some
But King of all the vertues thou alone.

But we must apply the small remaining space which we can allot to the Eighth Conversation, which treats of the novel hitherto undiscovered, whence Shakspeare took the plot of *Twelfth Night*. The title of the book in which it is found is "Rich his Farewell to Militarie Profession; Containing very pleasant discourses fit for a peaceable time. Gathered together for the onely delight of the courteous Gentlewomen both of England and Ireland, for whose onely pleasure they were collected together, and vnto whom they are directed and dedicated. Newly augmented: By Barnabe Riche, Gentleman. —*Malui me diuitem esse quam vocari.*—Imprinted at London by G. E. for Thomas Adams, 1606."

And Mr. Collier thus proceeds:

"Morton. Was not Twelfth Night written before 1606, the date of Rich's book, where you say the original novel is inserted?

"*Bourne*. No; but if it were, I could still satisfy you that the novel in this volume was employed by Shakespeare. However, it seems agreed by the commentators, who have taken some pains upon the subject, that *Twelfth Night* was not written until after 1612. Mr. Chalmers says in 1613, and Mr. Tyrwhit, and after him Malone, in 1614. So that 6, 7, or 8 years most likely elapsed between the publication of Rich's work, in 1606, and the writing of *Twelfth Night*. * * I have never seen any other edition of Rich's *Farewell* but this of 1606, but independently of those words 'newly augmented,' I can decisively establish from the prefatory matter, that it must have been originally written and printed between 1578 and 1581: if, therefore, *Twelfth Night* had been our great dramatic poet's first, instead of being his last play, he might still have been indebted to this source.

"*Elliot*. What does the prefatory matter consist of?

"*Bourne*. The point I refer to is established by the epistle 'To the noble souldiours both of England and Ireland' for the author says in it, 'I remember that in my last work, intituled the *Alarum to England*, I promised to take in hand some other thing.' Therefore the '*Alarum to England*' immediately preceded what is before us, and that *Alarum* bears date in 1578.—In 1581 Rich published the first volume of his 'Strange and wonderfull adventures of Do Simonides,' so that the '*Farewell*' must have appeared between 1578 and 1581, or Rich could not have mentioned his '*Alarum to England*' as his last work.

"*Morton*. Is there any thing else in the volume to confirm the opinion that 'Rich his *Farewell*' was first printed much earlier than 1606?

"*Bourne*. There is; and the proof is remarkable on another account, from its reference to Sir Christopher Hatton, who is spoken of as alive, and who died in 1591. He appears to have been the 'Maister & vpholder' of Barnabe Rich, and was himself a poet. In all probability he penned the fourth act of '*Tancred and Gismunda*,' in Dodsley's Collection, and if we may rely upon the authority of the writer of *Polimanteia* (who not publishing until four years after Sir C. Hatton's death (seems to have had no motive to flatter), he must have been a considerable poet. * Then (says he) name but Hatton, the Muses favorite, the Churches musick, Learnings Patron, my once poore blande ornament; the Courtiers grace, the Scholars countenance and the Guardes Capitaine."

"*Elliot*. A fine specimen of the art of sinking in prose, for the ridicule of a new *Martianus*.

"*Bourne*. I quote it for the inference, not for the style: 'Sir Christopher Hatton, L. Chancellor of England,' is inserted in the margin, and from hence it would seem that he had written much more than has come down to our time.

"*Morton*. Ritson only mentions an acrostic by him, and there is some doubt about that: 'the Church's music, in what you read

from *Polimanteia*, would imply that he had translated Psalms, or at least, written some sacred poems. Horace Walpole, if I recollect rightly, attributes to a kinsman of Sir Christopher's a translation of the Psalms, not printed till 1644, and Wood assigns them to Jeremy Taylor. It is not impossible that they were in fact the work of Lord Chancellor Hatton."

The author indulges in several episodes, and then returns to Rich, as follows.

"*Bourne*. The word *Discourse* had a very undefined meaning at that time: Rich uses it to express what we now call novels or tales, and of these there are eight in this small 4to. volume, so that they are not of very considerable length. In an address 'to the Readers in generall,' Rich observes: 'The Histories (altogether) are eight in number, whereof, the first, the second, the fift, the seuenth, and eight are tales that are but forged onely for delight: neither credible to be beleueed, nor hurtfull to be perused. The third, the fourth, and the sixt are Italian Histories written likewise for pleasure by maister L. B.'

"*Elliot*. And which of these is the foundation of Shakespeare's play?

"*Bourne*. The second. The commentators anticipated what has now fortunately occurred, that the original novel of *Twelfth Night* might, at some future time, be discovered. The likeness in parts is extremely strong, and indeed there will be no room for any doubt, whether Shakespeare did or did not employ it.—The history is entitled '*Of Apolonius and Silla*,' and you will find that throughout Shakespeare has changed all the names, as indeed in such cases he frequently did.—The argument of the story is thus given after the title.

"*The Argument of the second Historie.*

"*Apolonius, Duke*, having spent 'a yeares seruice in the warres against the Turke, returning homeward with his companie by sea was driven by force of weather to the Ile of Cyprus, where he was well received by Pontus gouernour of the same Ile, with whom Silla, daughter to Pontus, fell so strangely in loue that after Apolonius was departed to Constantinople, Silla with one man followed, and coming to Constantinople, she serued Apolonius in the habite of a man, and after many pretie accidents falling out, she was knowne to Apolonius, who in requittall of her loue married her."

"*Morton*. Excepting the circumstance of Silla serving the duke in man's attire, and their subsequent marriage, the argument does not indicate any other resemblance to Shakespeare's play: Rich lays his scene in Constantinople, but Shakespeare in Illyria."

"*Elliot*. Sebastian and Olivia, or any persons answering to them, seem entirely omitted by Rich.

"*Bourne*. In the argument, not in the story: you would not wish to have the argument as long and as particular as the narrative: it cannot include every thing; notwithstanding, it was merely casting my eye over the argument that first led me to suspect a resemblance, which I afterwards

found most satisfactorily confirmed. The body of the history opens with various reflections on the influence of 'Dame Error' in human affairs, and especially in those of love, after which it relates that Apolonius, 'a worthy Duke,' a very young man, who had levied an army and served against the Turk, while Constantinople was yet in the hands of the Christians, returning home after one year's victories, was compelled, by stress of weather, to seek shelter in Cyprus (or *Cyprus* as Rich calls it): he was here entertained very courteously by Pontus, the governor, who had a son named Sylvio and a daughter named Silla: the latter soon fell desperately in love with Duke Apolonius, and 'used so great familiarity with him, as her honour might well permitte, and fed him with such amorous baits as the modesty of a maide could reasonably afforde.'

"*Elliot*. Then does Silvio, brother to Silla, correspond with Shakespeare's Sebastian, brother to Viola?

"*Bourne*. Throughout.—Apolonius makes no return, and indeed scarcely seems to notice the attentions of the young lady, but with the first fair wind sails home to Constantinople. Thither Silla resolves to follow him, and is aided in her design by Pedro, a faithful servant, in whose company, and as whose sister, she embarks in a galley that happened to be preparing to quit the port."

Mr. Collier goes on to point out other coincidences. Silla is wrecked, but preserved in a chest, which she breaks open, and clothing herself in the male attire which it contains, travels to Constantinople, and presents herself to the Duke, who "Perceiving him to be a proper smogue young man, gave him entertainment." Silla at this time took upon herself her brother's name. We now come to Olivia, or the lady who in Rich's novel answers to her: she is called Iuliana, and is represented as a young beautiful widow, whose husband had died lately, and left her extremely rich. Shakespeare thought it would have a better effect to describe her as a virgin whose brother was recently deceased. 'To this Lady Iuliana, Apolonius became an earnest suter, and according to the manner of wooers, besides faire wordes, sorrowfull sighes and piteous countenances, there must be sending of louing letters, Chaines, Braceletes, Brouches, Ringes, Tablets, Gemmes, Iuels and presents, I know not what. So my Duke who in the time that he remained in the Ile of Cyprus, had no skill at all in the arte of Loue, although it were more then half proffered unto him, was now become a scholler in Loues Schoole, and had already learned his first lesson: that is, to speake pittifully, to looke ruthfully, to promise largely, to serue diligently and to speake carefully: Now he was learning his second lesson; that is, to reward liberally, to giue bountifully, to present willingly and to write louingly. Thus Apolonius was so busied in his new study that, I warrant you, there was no man that could challenge him for playing the truant, he followed his profession with so good will; And who must be the messenger to carrie

the tokens and love letters to the Lady Iulina but Silvio his man: in him the Duke reposed his only confidence to goe between him and his Lady."

"*Elliot*. Now the resemblance begins to open upon us.

"*Bourne*. And it will grow more and more striking every minute. After some reflections on the cruel situation in which Silla, alias Silvio, was placed, Rich goes on thus: 'Iulina now having many times taken the gaze of this young youth Silvio, perceiving him to be of such excellent perfect grace, was so intangled with the often sight of this sweet temptation that she fell into as great a liking with the man, as the maister was with her selfe; And on a time Silvio beyng sent from his maister with a message, to the Lady Iulina, as he became very earnestly to sollicite in his maisters behalfe, Iulina interrupting him in his tale said; Silvio, it is enough that you have said for your maister; from henceforth either speake for your self or say nothing at all. Silla, abashed to heare these words, bega in her mind to accuse the blindness of love, that Iulina, neglecting the good of so noble a Duke, would preferre her love unto such a one as nature it selfe had denied to recopence her liking.'

"*Elliot*. Ay, now we enter into the very heart of Shakespeare's play: *Le vrai peut quelquefois n'être pas vraisemblable*, and this was an instance, for your assertion did not at first seem borne out.

"*Bourne*. I thought you were at first a little incredulous; you seemed afraid of coming under the ironical censure of our old friend *Rabelais*, '*Un homme de bon sens croit toujours ce qu'on lui dit & qu'il trouve par écrit*.' We now come to Silla's brother Silvio, the Sebastian of Shakespeare: Silvio at the time of these transactions was in the interior of Africa, and was not like Sebastian wrecked in the same ship with Viola. Returning to Cyprus, he vows to discover Silla, and after various travels, he arrives at Constantinople, 'where as he was walking in an evening for his owne recreation on a pleasant greene yarde without the walles of the Citie, he fortun'd to meet with the Lady Iulina, who likewise had been abroad to take the aire; and as she continually cast her eyes vpon Silvio, thinking him to be her olde acquaintance, by reason they were so like one another, as you have heard before, said unto him, sir, Silvio, if your last be not the greater, I pray you let me haue a little talk with you, seeing I haue so luckily met you in this place.'

The rest of the resemblance is traced very satisfactorily; but we can only add, that the whole is worthy of the attention of the admirers (and who are not the admirers?) of Shakespeare.

In more minute particulars, we could instance to Mr. Collier, several curious facts; to show how very inadequately the foundations on which Shakespeare built, have been examined by his commentators. It is perhaps little known, for example, that the famous speech

"He that steals my purse, steals trash" is almost literally translated from an Italian poet of no mean rank; and that the whimsical definitions of Touchstone are to be found in the same language.

Mutius, an Italian, published in 1666, a treatise on duelling; the following are the heads of some of the chapters:

- Of all kinds of lies that may be given.
- Of the lie direct.
- Of the lie hypothetical.
- Of the lie general.
- Of the lie special.
- Of the immaterial lie.

LOUIS BUNAPARTE'S HOLLAND.
(Second Notice.)

After disposing of his early life, his Ex-Majesty proceeds to the more important part of his history, as connected with the Buonapartean dynasty in Holland. We pass the preliminary forms acted by deputies, &c. under the authority of Napoleon: it is sufficient to say, that the denouement was the accession of King Louis, *volens volens*, without being consulted about the business, in June, 1806. Upon this the monarch in spite of his teeth remarks, (using the third person, as he does throughout these volumes).—

"The existence of Louis in France became every day more insupportable. Without domestic comfort; without tranquillity; mute in the council; having no military occupation; seeing his functions in this respect confined to the introduction of officers for the purpose of administering the oath to them, and visiting the military school from time to time; bearing evident marks of disfavour; and few persons daring to visit him, he felt himself in a state of constraint and *moral opium*, which he could not have any longer supported, if events had not torn him from his position. "In Holland," he said to himself, "interests of various kinds, matters of necessity, and public affairs, will wholly occupy me. I shall bestow on my country all the affection, which I cannot display in my own family. I shall thus perhaps gradually recover from my physical and moral depression."

His address on receiving the crown, is worthy of being reprinted, as a specimen of the style of these days, though, unhappily for Louis, he had more sincerity in his declarations than was usual on such occasions.

On the 23d of June, Louis made his solemn entry into the Hague, and soon found that the indications of oppression from France, and the total negation of his purpose of free agency for the good of Holland, were but too deeply rooted in the system which was to be pursued towards him. Subsequent events are prefaced by a general view of the country, at the period of the accession; and his Majesty shows at least a strong desire to legislate justly and wisely on all points. A proof of the extent of this

family failing may be instanced in what he writes concerning the physicking of his new people.

"With regard to health, each province possessed a medical committee, subject to a general superintendent, who was connected with the ministry of the interior. But though this superintendent was one of the first physicians of the country, his instructions were obeyed with great difficulty. The committee of each province communicated with the government, agreeably to old habits, in the manner in which one college communicates with another. They seemed to think that the central point of the ministry was merely destined to collect the expression of the wishes of the provinces: they consumed too much time in deliberating.

"The King projected meliorations with regard to the health and salubrity of the country. Subject himself to a slow and extraordinary disease from the age of 22, he had been induced to reflect on this important object, and to convince himself of certain truths in this respect. Medicine is more than a mere name. A great number of plants possess real virtues, and there are remedies for many chronic diseases, whilst those of this description which cannot be cured are either supportable, such as the gout; the rheumatism, &c. or are few in number, and connected with organic defects; but then observation is difficult. When a physician has attained sufficient knowledge to enable him to become useful, he dies. Diseases and the effects of remedies differ in the case of each individual. What care and trouble are necessary to guard against mistaking one symptom for another, and to distinguish the different diseases! Reasoning is frequently belied by experience; because, in our wonderful organization, there are secrets and subtleties which escape, and will always escape all reasoning and research. Notwithstanding these circumstances, physicians act as if their science was certain. *Roussseau* was in the right when he said, '*Let us have medicine without Physicians*;' an expression full of good sense, which perfectly explains the difficulty of this science. The best mode of practice, except in the case of several acute diseases, which are subject to certain rules, and may be said to be completely under command, is not to set out from fixed principles, as in the exact sciences; but to study the effect of the remedies, and their difference in the same case in different constitutions.

"He would have wished to establish a college, for the purpose of collecting from all parts of the known world all possible remedies; and to diffuse and publish the knowledge of them throughout the kingdom. It was his opinion, that the measure, which is resorted to in times of contagion, ought to be adopted for diseases in ordinary times; that houses of convalescence should be established, where all deviation from the regimen and diet necessary for the recovery of the patient would be impossible. He wished also to establish a severe critical tribunal for physicians, to examine and decide on their conduct, and to publish the result of that examina-

tion is a particular journal every time a man died; and, on the other hand, to recompense all those who should cure remarkable diseases; to diminish the number of physicians; prohibit the sale of all medicines, which should not be of the first quality; to distribute them gratis to the poor, and in the villages. He had begun, at Amsterdam, the establishment of a royal laboratory, &c.

"There are certain contradictions or inconsistencies in society, which it is hardly possible not to remark. For instance: What can be more essential to society than good physicians? and yet those who follow the medical profession are so numerous! How advantageous; therefore; would it be to diminish considerably the number! They ought to be distributed into several classes, for the purpose of pointing out to the public who are really the best, and preventing patients from misplacing their confidence, as they so frequently do. For two other projects he felt a warm interest; and meant to have bestowed on them the utmost attention. The first of these was, the ridding the country as much as possible; and by degrees, of mutilated, deformed; and ricketty persons; and of all the children of a defective conformation, by facilitating their establishment in the colonies; by preventing marriages between people of this description; and by preventing the settlement; or even the long residence of deformed foreigners in the kingdom. The second project was, to enter into an arrangement with other countries, for the purpose of extirpating from Europe venereal diseases, the yellow fever, small pox, &c.; to establish, for that purpose, lazarettoes; and to adopt measures analogous to those resorted to as a security against the plague. Is not society established for the alleviation of the lot of unfortunate mortals; a race visibly degenerated, and placed here below as in a place of trial and purification?"

There is really something ludicrous in these schemes: they seem more calculated for burlesque royalty on the stage, than for *bona fide* kingship in real life! Yet the intentions of Louis were pure; though his head's weakness is not a little demonstrated by such absurdities.

The manner in which Napoleon persecuted Holland, and endeavoured to make his brother the agent of his tyranny, is absolutely incredible. One extract will display it in full force; and English readers will find, in Italian, a singular reason assigned for the hatred which the *ci-devant* Emperor entertained towards the Dutch.

"The King was frequently unable to repress a painful foreboding with respect to the intentions and sentiments of his brother towards him; but he in vain attempted to discover the object of them. The thought, that he, perhaps, wished to unite Holland to his dominions through him, and by making a sacrifice of him, frequently came across his mind; but he could not bring himself seriously to entertain this idea. How could he believe, that he wished to make his name,

his brother, his own work, an instrument of perfidy, and of death for a whole people!! He endeavoured to discover other reasons, and persuaded himself, that there were some secret causes for such conduct. In the first place, the resemblance of the Dutch to the English might render the Emperor their enemy.—In the next place, said he to himself, he wishes, perhaps, the introduction of the conscription, that the Dutch, the neighbours of the French, may not enjoy an advantage over them. And, lastly, he wishes a bankruptcy, because he believes that Holland will then be able to supply France abundantly with troops, vessels, and money."

A remarkable communication previous to the Prussian war, affords a high idea of the military talents of Napoleon. He thus writes to his brother—

"You will make a useful diversion at Wesel (he said), where I request you to assemble your army, augmented by French troops. This army will take the name of army of the North. You will manage matters so as to induce a belief, that it is much stronger than it really is. If the Prussians show themselves in Holland, and allow themselves to be deceived, they are ruined. If they do not adopt this course, they are still ruined. Whilst they suppose that I am establishing my line of operations parallel to them and the Rhine, I have already calculated that in a few hours after the declaration, they cannot prevent me from outflanking their left, and advancing a greater force against it than they can oppose to me, and than is necessary for its destruction. When their line is once broken, all their efforts to afford assistance to their left will operate against themselves. Separated and cut off in their march, they will fall successively into my lines. The results are incalculable. Perhaps I shall be at Berlin in less than six weeks. My army is stronger than that of the Prussians, and though they should even beat me at first, they would immediately find me in their centre with a hundred thousand fresh troops, pursuing my plan." &c. &c.

The battle of Jena fully confirmed the ability of these dispositions, and the sound foundation for these anticipations.

The second volume is more important than entertaining, being chiefly filled with political documents belonging to 1807—8. We however select a few characteristic traits.

"One of the greatest works in Holland is the Nieuw-Diep; formed by a wooden pier, which its skilful engineer has contrived to answer the purpose of deepening the harbour, by keeping back the ebb tide.

On this inspection the king conceived the design of removing the naval dockyard, now at Amsterdam, to this spot; and of making the Helder a place of strength; a business of no difficulty, but expensive.

While he was in the road of the Texel, observing the manoeuvres of the squadron, he saw several vessels enter, some Americans, others Swedes. One of the great officers of his household, astonished to see the flag of the latter nation, with which the French were at war, asked him with a respectful but malignant look, if he had observed these

vessels, belonging to a nation with which France was at war, and with which all communication was prohibited. "I see nothing but trading vessels," answered the King, turning his back upon him. But it appears, that this officer, to whom the King was greatly attached, and on whom he had conferred the most striking marks of his favour, did not stop here, but sent to Paris an account against him, whom he called his friend, his master, his benefactor: since a few days after he was compelled, on the pressing instances of France, to declare war against Sweden; an ill-timed act, and without a motive, since this state of war had long existed. The king was desired also, to place all Swedish property in a state of sequestration: but to this he would not consent."

"After the conclusion of the treaty of Tilsit, the emperor had returned to Paris. The king received information of it in the Pyrenees, as well as of the fresh complaints and fresh threats against Holland. Messages had been sent to the Hague, addressed to the regency, which led to a momentary belief that the king was dead; but happily one of the couriers, whom he was in the practice of despatching daily, arrived, and contradicted this news. He was made acquainted with the state of affairs, and hastened to quit the baths, and return to Holland."

"On his passing through Paris, as the king paid a visit to his brother, the latter told him, laughing, that he should not be surprised to hear of his having been informed, that the French custom-house officers and gendarmes had entered the Dutch territories to punish the smugglers: "howeyer," he added, "this will take place immediately." The king listened to nothing more, withdrew, and set off in all haste. He reached Antwerp without stopping. Scarcely had he arrived in this city, when he learned, that gendarmes in disguise had introduced themselves into the fortified towns of Bergen-op-zoom, Breda, and Bois-le-duc; had arrested an individual in each, under pretence of smuggling; and had carried them off to France, to the disgrace of the local magistrates and garrisons. The king's indignation was extreme. He removed general Paravicini de Capelen, governor of Bergen-op-zoom, who had been the dupe of the gendarmes, and ordered him to be brought to trial before the proper judges. He dismissed the president of Breda also: but in spite of all he could say or do, he could not obtain in France the liberty of the Dutchmen, who had been carried off; and who, having been conveyed to Paris, remained there several years. Among them was an infirm and very respectable old man, who could not obtain his liberty till after this period, and by means of a ransom. To the statement of these facts the king can add nothing, and ought not."

Napoleon's proposal, to transfer Louis from Holland to Spain, is a curious document.

As early as the 27th of March, 1806, the emperor had sent a courier to the king of Holland, with the following letter.

"My brother, the king of Spain has just abdicated. The Prince of the Peace has been put into prison. The commencement of an insurrection has broken out at Madrid. On this occasion my troops were forty leagues from Madrid; the Grand Duke of Berg must have entered the place on the 23rd, with forty thousand men. To this moment the people are calling for me aloud. Assured that I shall have no firm peace with England, but by impressing a grand motion on the continent, I have resolved to place a French prince on the throne of Spain. The climate of Holland does not agree with you. Besides, Holland cannot extricate itself from its difficulties. In the whirlwind of the world, whether peace take place or not, it cannot sustain itself. In this state of affairs I have thought of you for the throne of Spain. You will be the sovereign of a generous nation of eleven millions of men, and of important colonies. With economy and activity Spain may have sixty thousand men in arms, and fifty ships in her harbours. Answer me categorically, what is your opinion of this project? You will be aware, that it is yet but a project; and that, though I have a hundred thousand men in Spain, it is possible, from the circumstances that may supervene, that I shall march directly, and settle every thing in a fortnight, or that I shall proceed more slowly, and that it may be the secret of several months' operations. Answer me categorically: if I name you king of Spain, will you agree to it? may I depend upon you? As it is possible, that your courier may no longer find me in Paris, and must then traverse Spain amid chances that cannot be foreseen, answer me simply these two words: I received your letter of such a date, my answer is *yes*; and then I shall reckon on your acting as I wish: or *no*, which will imply, that you do not agree to my proposal. You may afterwards write a letter giving your opinion at large on the part you take, and address it under cover to your wife at Paris. If I be there, she will give it me; if not, she will return it to you."

"Let nobody into your confidence, and do not mention the subject of this letter, I entreat you, to any person whatever; for a thing should be done, before we avow having thought of it, &c."

The surprise of the king equalled his indignation at receiving a proposal, which he considered as impolitic, unjust, and shameful. It has been seen, that he was on terms of friendship with Charles IV. He refused, therefore sharply. "I am not the governor of a province," he said on this subject. "For a king there is no promotion but to heaven: all are equal. With what face can I go to demand an oath of fidelity from another people, if I do not remain faithful to that, which I took to Holland, when I ascended the throne?" In consequence his answer was a direct refusal.

Another article hurt him severely. He was convinced anew of what he endeavoured in vain to conceal from himself. These words: "The climate of Holland does not agree with you: besides, it is ruined beyond recovery," incontestably proved, that he

had been forced upon the throne, to ruin it and the country also.

On the 7th of June king Joseph received the congratulations of the different bodies of the Spanish government. He made known his accession by a proclamation of the 11th of June. He confirmed Prince Murat in his office as lieutenant-general of the realm.

Thus we see, that as of lords; it is of kings—

'A breath can make them, as a breath has made.'

We shall reserve the third volume for another notice.

SUPERSTITION.

We translate the annexed from a French publication, as an example of the superstitious opinions which even in our times prevail, to a considerable degree, in an otherwise enlightened country. The subject, it will be seen, is a record of the supernatural forewarnings of the murder of the Duc de Berri.

In ancient as well as modern times, on the approach of one of those events which change the destiny of nations, people have imagined the accustomed harmony of the universe to be broken, and that forebodings of a gloomy or a cheering nature, announced what they had either to hope or to fear.

These forebodings, real or imaginary, serve at least to show the importance which people attach to certain events: thus for instance, the various miracles which took place at Rome previous to the assassination of Caesar, enable us to judge of the horror which the death of that great man excited among the Romans; and the phantom which appeared to Brutus, on the eve of the battle in which he lost his life, proves how the attention of Rome was fixed on that event, which buried the republic in the tomb of Brutus. Finally, when we call to mind the forebodings which tormented Henry IV., on the very morning of his assassination, it is natural to conclude that France, when she beheld the death of the conqueror of the League, could not but fear that the League would again take up arms.

The Duc de Berri, the august victim of the ferocity of Louvel, has drawn down as many tears as the victim of Ravallac; and the signs which announced the death of the late Prince, are now the theme of conversation in France.

The forebodings, dreams, and visions, which preceded the death of the Duc de Berri, have lately been collected and published in a little pamphlet, from which we extract the following.

On the 13th of February, Madame M. . . . was walking in the Faubourg St. Honoré at the time when the Duc de Berri's carriage passed on its way to the Opera. Some unaccountable fancy or horrible presentiment led her to observe to the Chevalier Dal. . . . who accompanied her, "I did not know that funerals were suffered to take place at this late hour." "Funerals!" exclaimed M. Dal. . . . "Yes," added the lady, "a

hearse has just now passed us." M. Dal. . . . looked round, and then turning to his companion, said, "You are mistaken; it was the Duc de Berri's carriage."—"Indeed!" said Madame M. . . . with strong emotion, "how singular, that I should have taken it for a hearse!"

We are informed by one of his late Royal Highness's grooms, that the Prince's favorite horse, did nothing but neigh and start during the night of the 13th of February.

It is remarkable, that several Ducs de Berri have suffered a melancholy death. Louis XVI. was a Duc de Berri.

At the Pension Royale of St. Denis, a young woman dreamt, on the 13th of February, that she received a crown of white roses from his Majesty, and that after plucking off the flowers and the leaves, she placed the thorns on the head of the august widow of the most unfortunate of Princes.

The audience, on quitting the Bourdeaux Theatre on the 13th of February, beheld a luminous globe in the air, which did not vanish until day-break.

On the same night, a peasant of La Vendée three times heard the cry: *to arms!* and three times he jumped up to seize his sword.

M. G. . . ., who died a few days after the Prince, had a most singular dream. The noble Peer, whom His Royal Highness honored with his friendship, dreamt, on the 11th of January, that as he was standing with His Royal Highness at one of the windows of the Castle of the Tuileries; they observed a magnificent procession advancing towards the Louvre. A hearse richly decorated, and drawn by eight horses having appeared in sight, the Prince asked:—"Whose funeral is that?" on which M. G. . . . replied, "it is yours, Prince!" in a few moments, another hearse, less rich than the first appeared, and M. G. . . . having in his turn asked who was to be buried? the Prince replied, "It is you, Count." When M. G. . . . related this dream to His Royal Highness, the latter laughed.

An officer of the Royal Guard dreamt, on the 13th of February, that a red cap was fixed on the top of the Opera House; he was roused by the rolling of the thunder which he fancied he heard, and which, in his dream, appeared to destroy the Opera-House, and the cap of the year 93.

The following is an anonymous letter which the Duc de Berri received an hour before he went to the Opera, and to which he unfortunately paid no attention.

Monseigneur,—Do not venture out without an escort. A poignard is raised against you. Your confidence will prove fatal to you. Preserve your life for the sake of France, of which you are the idol and the hope. Distrust particularly fair men. I am a respectful admirer of your Royal Highness's virtues. A Frenchman.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

On Wednesday, Mr. Campbell resumed

his Lectures. After giving a description of the form and constitution of the Greek stage, he proceeded to comment upon the works of the tragic writers, Eschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides; and illustrated his observations with apposite quotations.

NAVAL SURGEONS' SUPPLEMENTAL FUND.

Pursuant to the promise in our last Number, we proceed to notice this excellent Institution, the anniversary of which, excepting a very brief paragraph in the Morning Post, has been passed *sub silentio* by the periodical press. Of course we shall confine ourselves to those features which are most allied to literature and science; and indeed, it is only in the view of the intimate connection with, and large part in the literary and scientific sphere of Britain, which the gentlemen forming this association fill, that we take up the subject.

Their yearly meeting is observed on the 28th of April the birth-day of the late Viscount Melville, whom they, in common with the rest of the naval service, justly consider to have been their great friend and benefactor. This topic is so ably illustrated by an address which was delivered at a former meeting, that we obtained a report of it, intending at that period to insert an article similar to the present, which circumstances having then prevented, we now resort to our copy for this explanatory document. We need only say further, that the speaker was Dr. Veitch, whose professional talents are so well known by his various publications, and whose exertions in promoting the formation and interests of this Society are, we learn from his brethren, most highly appreciated. Dr. Veitch said,

"After what has just now passed I cannot avoid offering myself to your indulgence and attention on this most interesting occasion: our worthy secretary has this instant acquainted us, that the heart of Lord Melville is with this meeting—an intimation which was peculiarly grateful to all who heard him; and I can in return assure him, that the heart of all present is with the name of Melville. The virtues of the late illustrious individual of this name have long held a conspicuous and distinguished place in the eye of his country, and of the navy at large; and to his liberality and his discernment, the medical department of that service are eminently indebted. The duty therefore which I now assign to myself, is at once grateful and easy, as I am supported by the consciousness of being engaged in no doubtful cause; where eloquence, to which I have no pretensions, is required to influence the mind. I am satisfied that the circle I now address, is strongly impressed with the sentiments of independence, as well as the feelings of gratitude; and I am therefore convinced that there will be no hesitation in venerating the memory of the man who has added to our professional respectability; who has enabled us to cultivate that independence so generally and justly felt by all, with fairer prospects of success, and also to avert many of those evils that are peculiarly incidental

to naval life. I will here presume to state to you, that at the termination of the war originating in the French revolution, and after ten years' services in the capacities of assistant and surgeon, and also as surgeon and acting physician to the fleet under the late lamented Admiral Totty, and after having traversed the western ocean thrice, so that the greater part of those services were performed in a climate (the West Indies) the most inhospitable to health, I was paid off without being entitled to one sixpence of remuneration, in the form of half pay.

"Such a state of things has now ceased; a great monument has been erected to the cause of humanity, by the encouragement given to medical men, and in the advantages of which arrangements all participate, from the humblest to the highest rank. This favourable change we owe to the late Lord Melville; and I am anxious that we should this day prove, that no time is likely to efface our admiration and gratitude for a deed springing from true benevolence, combined with a disposition to exalt our professional character in the eye of the service and of our country. It is not to be denied, that his ever to be lamented death, left much of this, his favoured plan, unfinished, and to the completion of which, sensibility, energies, and a masterly judgment, will be required; but I will not allow myself to despair of seeing this measure, so grateful to his memory, carried into effect, under the name and auspices of another Melville; and in a manner worthy of him with whom this great design originated. The admiral and captain, whose duty it is to promote the health of their men; the parents, whose great pleasures flow from the safety of their offspring; the country, that delights in the safety of the wounded warrior; are all interested in the progress and perfection of this measure. Liberality, wisely directed, is the road to true greatness. This principle, whether contemplated through the medium of history, or immediate action, is sure to command for its possessor the most delightful deference. Without it, I had almost said there can be no virtue; however I will affirm, that without it all other virtues are greatly obscured. Under the influence of this ennobling and exalted principle, the illustrious Chatham fearlessly drew forth merit; and in doing so, he consolidated that union which has kept this great nation entire, amidst the degradations and misfortunes of surrounding empires. Thus has the Highland arm, terrible in the field, but to the vanquished foe mild and unassuming as the retiring maid, been enabled to surround his name and grave with trophies which no length of time can conquer. Our illustrious patron saw the importance of the navy to his country; and he cultivated its energies with all the powers he possessed; hence a band of heroes arose, who drove from the face of our dominions, the Ocean, every thing like the vestige of a foe; and but for those exertions the battle of Waterloo, for which this day stands so gloriously and proudly distinguished, would never have been fought. I mean not to

detract from the merits of the army, of which no man can think more highly than I do. In our time we have seen the world as it were driven from its centre; but the councils, the unparalleled courage of the army and navy of our country, have proved the levers by means of which it has been as it were restored to its natural position. It must I think be obvious to all, that we never could have met under the delightful circumstances we have this day done, but for the aid of the illustrious individual noticed; and I have therefore to suggest that his birth day shall constitute an anniversary among the medical corps of the navy, and that it shall be divested of all political object, so that the heart and mind may indulge in the pleasing and more exalted feelings of respect and gratitude."

Under the auspices of Lord Melville, the medical service of the navy rose to its due rank; and it only became necessary to adopt some plan by which the widows and orphans of men whose station had been marked in society, should be prevented from falling into unmerited poverty and distress. The pension, which the national gratitude and justice could allot, was quite inadequate to support the respectability of the one, or supply means for the fitting education of the other. In this state of things the Supplemental Fund was projected; and to the honour of the present First Lord of the Admiralty (of whom in reference to his father it may be said, *Nati natorum et qui nascuntur ab illis*), and of Mr. Croker, it met with that continuance and encouragement which is deserved. Its growth has been accelerated by their fostering care; and though the meeting which has drawn these observations from us was only the second anniversary, the statement made by the Secretary, (Mr. Finlayson) displayed the Fund in eminently useful operation and prosperity.

Every surgeon of the navy contributes 2l. 12s. per ann. out of his pay; and thus the institution is enabled to add 40l. a year to the Widow's Pension of 40l. from government. Such a sum in aid of the public allowances makes all the difference between pining necessity and moderate comfort—between that inferiority of station which is painful to humanity, and that decent provision which is due to the relics of those whose lives have been worn out in the performance of the most arduous duties. It is a melancholy coincidence to state, that at the very hour when the last Meeting was drinking better health to Mr. M'Lachlan, a surgeon, who had distinguished himself by his indefatigable zeal for establishing the Fund, that worthy man breathed his last. Were not his closing moments brightened by the good which he had done? The subject is one of exquisite pathos—a lesson of mortality; but a lesson of virtue—which the mind cannot dwell upon without being affected in the deepest manner.

On this occasion were present Mr. Searle in the chair, of whose services the navy is gratefully sensible, and who only added one

* The motion was unanimously adopted.

to manly obligations, by this attention to the medical branch of it; Sir W. Johnstone Hope, under whose auspices a similar institution is being formed for the benefit of the Widows and Children of the Lieutenants of the Navy; Mr. Onimoney, Drs. Tait, Rhodam, Wilson, Veitch, and many eminent naval and medical characters. It is not our province to deal in toasts and compliments: we have given this account for only one reason—to enforce the expediency and humanity, the usefulness and the wisdom, of other classes of men, be they literary, scientific, or professional, following the admirable example of this Supplemental Fund; and forming associations which shall, when they are no more, preserve those most dear to them on earth from the unhappiness of poverty, and the degradation of falling into the drags of social life.

HIVING BEES.—When a hive is too weak to stand over winter, or when it is wished to deprive the bees of their honey, without suffocating them, it is now the general practice to unite the hives, in either of these situations. The method of uniting bee-hives, as practised by Mr. Huish, except in the hands of a very experienced apianian, is attended with very considerable risk to the lives of the bees; whilst Bonnar's method is not unfrequently attended by the destruction of a considerable proportion of the community. A safe and effectual mode of uniting hives, particularly when the honey season is advanced, has been successfully practised for 30 years, by the Rev. Richard Paxton, Minister of Tundergath.

Mr. Paxton's method of uniting hives is this:—An empty hive being prepared, is inverted on the hive from which it is wished to dislodge the bees, either to take their honey, or to unite them with another hive. Betwixt the two hives thus connected, a small piece of wood is so placed, as to keep these two hives about an inch apart on one side. The reason of placing this stick across the mouths, and between the two hives, is to prevent the bees, after being driven up the one side of the hive, descending (which they would do) by the other to the hive from whence they were dislodged. The hives being in the situation now described, the operator strikes on the under hive, (taking care not to strike so strong as to hurt the combs), till the bees, being terrified by the noise, take refuge in the upper hive. A quantity of small bees must be made walk warm, and as much soft sugar melted in it as will make a thin gruel. A bunch of feathers, or brush, must also be ready. The operator now gently lifts the hive containing the dislodged bees: his assistant also is ready to lift up the hive with which they are to be united. The hive which is to receive the new colony is turned with its mouth upwards, when a person standing really sprinkles as quick as possible the bees as they show themselves with the liquor already described. When he thinks all are pretty well drenched, he stops. The same operation having been performed on the other hive, that is, the hive which was dislodged from their own work, these bees

are emptied into the hive destined to receive the colony as quick as possible, and swept with a bunch of feathers into the interstices between the combs. The hive is instantly reverted, and placed on the stand.

The operation is best performed in the evening. In a few hours after the union, all will be quiet. Next day, you may perhaps see a few skirmishes, owing to the sprinkling liquor having missed some of them; but very few will suffer death. This year I do not think I lost threescore of bees by the operation. Four quarts of small beer, with 1½ lb. of common soft sugar, should do for the uniting of two common sized hives.

In this method of uniting hives, there is no danger of drowning the insects, as there is in uniting them by Mr. Huish's manner, or creating a bloody and exterminating civil war; the general consequence of Mr. Bonnar's plan.

The explanation of the principle may be left to naturalists. It would appear, that bees judge very much by the smell, and that all those scented by the small beer and sugar are thus induced to regard each other as friends and associates. —(Ed. Phil. Journ.)

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE, May 5th.

Robert Woodhouse, Esq. M. A. F. R. S. Fellow of Gonville and Caius College; was on Monday last unanimously elected Lucasian Professor of Mathematics, in the room of the late Dr Milner, President of Queen's College.

The following gentlemen were on Tuesday last admitted to the undermentioned degrees:

DOCTORS IN DIVINITY.—The Rev. Dr. Erlington, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin; admitted *ad eundem*. The Rev. R. Roberts, of St. John's College.

HONORARY MASTERS OF ARTS.—H. A. Wallop, Fellowes, Trinity Hall. Edmund G. Hornby, and George McNeill, Trinity College.

MASTERS OF ARTS.—W. Taylor Rayne, and J. T. Austen, St. John's College.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.—G. Powlett Thomson, St. John's College. Edward Curtis, Sidney College. J. Brooks Crowe, Pembroke Hall.

Sir W. Browne's Prizes.—The two medals not disposed of in former years were on Tuesday last adjudged as follows:—For the Latin Ode, to Mr. Henry Thompson, Scholar of St. John's College. For the Greek and Latin Epigrams, to Mr. Richard Oke, Scholar of King's College.

The Senate have not agreed to the report of the Fitzwilliam Syndicate, relative to the site of the intended Museum.

May 6th.—Thursday the following Degrees were conferred:—

BACHELORS IN MEDICINE.—F. Hopkins, Ramsgate, St. Alban Hall, incorporated from the University of Dublin.

BACHELORS IN DIVINITY.—Rev. John Williams, Fellow of Exeter College.

MASTERS OF ARTS.—George Fitz Ernest, Esq. St. Alban Hall. Rev. T. Gunston

Cathoun, Denry, and Ichabod Charles Wright, Fellow of Magdalen College. Rev. George Rolleston, Merton College. Rev. Daniel Francis Warner, Magdalen Hall. Rev. John Jones, and Rev. George Woodhouse, Trinity College.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.—John Hunt, St. Alban Hall. W. Ives, Magdalen Hall. W. Lemuel Shuldham, Christ Church. G. Burmister, and F. W. Gray, Trinity College. Adam Fookett, Worcester College.

The Rev. John Jones, M. A. of Jesus College, and Archdeacon of Merioneth, has been elected Canon Bampton's Lecturer for the next year.

On Saturday last the Rev. Thomas Keble, M. A. was admitted Fellow of Corpus Christi College.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 99. Capern at work drawing up fishing boats.—W. Collins, R. A. Elect.

Attractive among the attracting, the unobtrusive excellence of this artist's works are sure to win the regard of the judicious, and the admiration of the uninitiated. A glance is sufficient to discern light; and this quality pervades in a particular manner the pictures of Mr. Collins. His coast scenes, and they are generally his choice, have been studied with reference to the peculiar effects of light both as it operates on sky and distance; and though his foreground details have little on which to amuse the eye, they are always appropriate and picturesque. Such are the performances of this artist; and if we may judge by the continued character of his pencil, they will continue to command the attention of every lover of art.

No. 311. The last Scene in Massinger's Play of a New Way to pay Old Debts; with portraits.—G. Clint.

We have said, "This is one of the best dramatic things we have ever seen." In making this remark we do not mean to exalt it above many preceding works of this kind. More especially, such as those of Zoffany, Hurlow, or of Mr. Clint's own performances in the last Exhibition. The impression it makes is very striking, and the skill displayed is very great; one objection however is, to its being too theatrical. The arrangement is that of the theatre; the dresses those of the theatre; and the characters of course the same. As likenesses they are excellent; but that quality invariably interferes, more or less, with qualities of art. We need only instance that of the principal figure—Kean, in Sir Giles Overreach. Neither his figure nor his youth give the idea of the sordid and tempestuous character drawn by the poet; for the individual likeness breaks the charm of the imagination. The theatre is not a school for painting; a hint may be taken, an expression may be caught, but they must be moulded into form by the skill of the artist. Still this picture, for what it aims at, is fully entitled to public admiration; the artist, in productions of the class to which it belongs, has many and great difficulties to

contend against, which Mr. Clint has very ably surmounted.

No. 106. *The Wolf and the Lamb.*—*W. Mulready, R. A.*

It is among the best characteristics of modern art, that the interest given to pictorial works arises principally from the truth of character which they display, rather than from that technical skill, which has so long held the admirers of *virtu* in the shackles of connoisseurship. Like a skilful pugilist, Mr. Mulready never aims a blow without making it tell; and it is impossible not to feel the full force of his powers. In the subject under consideration, he has illustrated the fable of *Æsop*, by the most apt delineation of different boyish dispositions, contrasting his characters by the most familiar and natural positions in which they can be placed, and throwing in his accessories with the most judicious arrangement that can be imagined. A timid boy entering a door is in danger of a blow from one of pugnacious propensities; a child is running from the mingled rage and terror; a woman is watching—the whole exquisitely true to nature.

No. 61. *Sunday Morning.*—*M. W. Sharpe.*

This laconic title is given to a picture as full of incident, and interest, as almost anything we have witnessed. We are broken in upon by surprise in the management of the subject, which represents a boy being submitted to a thorough washing with soap-suds, in furtherance to the cleanliness necessary for his sabbath appearance. This "Preparation for the Sabbath," is new to the public, and it is impossible to contemplate it without laughter at the ludicrous treatment of the story, while at the same time our admiration is excited by the skill of the painter. The scenery is beautifully picturesque; the colouring excellent; and it is saying perhaps all that can be said in praise of the whole, that, in our opinion, it surpasses even the best of Mr. Sharpe's former productions.

No. 170. *Venus in search of Cupid, surprises Diana at her Bath.* (From *Spenser*, b. iii. c. 6.—*W. Hilton, R. A.*)

This is a very splendid display both of form and colouring; but perhaps too much scattered for concentrated effect. The principal group is full of taste, and beautifully contrasted by the positions of the surrounding nymphs. In fact we never observed in any picture more expression in attitude than in this. The doubtful air of *Venus*; the various passions excited by her intrusion on the dignified *Diana* and her attendants, are admirably depicted. Nothing can be more rich than the landscape, though it is not "the wilderness for her unseen" of the quotation, but rather the "sweetest bowres with pleasure fraught," which it tells us she has left in search of her son.

No. 141, 165. *Scenes from Henry IV. and Twelfth Night.*—*H. P. Briggs.*

These dramatic representations do great credit to the pencil of Mr. Briggs; his comic powers are more especially distinguished in the picture of Sir Andrew Aguecheek, &c. The whole scene displays the joke and ri-

baltry of the characters. It is executed in a style clear and brilliant; but the figures are rather too short. Falstaff, in the other, is a portrait, which may account for its not being so successful; and the figure of the Prince is beneath the dignity of his station, and inconsistent with Shakspeare's description of him.

British Gallery, Pall Mall.—This gallery will be opened with an exhibition of portraits, representing some of the most distinguished persons in the history and literature of the united kingdoms, on Monday, the 22d. instant.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.
(Mr. Haydon's Great Picture.)

The air is filled with shouts, and trumpets sounding—

A host is at thy gates, Jerusalem!
Now is their van the Mount of Olives rounding;
Above them Judah's lion banners gleam,
Join'd with the palm and olive's leafy stem.
Now swell the nearer sounds of voice and string,
As down the hill-side pours the living stream;
And to the cloudless heaven Hosannas ring,
"He comes, the son of David comes—the mighty King!"

The cuirass'd Roman heard; and grasp'd his shield,

And rush'd in fiery haste to gate and tower;
The pontiff from the battlement beheld
The host, and knew the falling of his power—
That shout gave sign of Zion's final hour.
Still down the marble road the myriads come,
Spreading the way with garment, branch, and flower,

And deeper sounds are mingling, "Woe to Rome!"

"The day of Freedom dawns—rise Israel from thy tomb!"

Temple of beauty,—long that day is done,
Thy ark is dust, thy golden cherubim.
The pontiff from the battlement beheld
In the fierce triumph of the heathen gone.
The shades of ages on thy altars swim,
Yet still a light is there, tho' wavering dim.
And has its holy lamp been watched in vain?
Or lives it not until the finished time,
When he who fixed, shall break his people's chains;

And Zion be the lov'd, the crown'd of God again!

But then thou wast of earth the splendid wonder,
And matchless beauty sat upon thy walls.
At once, as with a peal of midnight thunder,
Startled the crowd within thy ivory halls;
The priests with turban'd brows, and purple palls,

The son of Mammon, the pale usurer,
Like men that see the lightning ere it falls,
From their polluted seats sprang amiss with fear.
That shout, like Judgment's Trumpet, burst upon their ear.

He comes, yet with the burning bolt unarmed;
Pale, pure, prophetic, God of Majesty!
The thousands, tens of thousands round him swarm'd,

None durst abide that depth divine of eye;
None durst his waving garments' hem draw nigh.
But at his feet was laid the Roman's sword,
There Lazarus bowed to see his King pass by;
There Jairus, with his age's child, adored,
"He comes, the King of Kings, Hosannah to the Lord!"

TRIUMPH.

(The following Monody on the death of Captain Norris, who was washed overboard, from H. M. Packet, *Hecafus*, on Wednesday, March 17th, 1819, has been printed for private distribution among those who lamented the fate of that gallant and interesting officer. It is the production of Mr. E. Howard; and we copy it as a tribute that will be agreeable to the many friends of its subject, both at home and in Germany.)

High foams the surge! and wave impelling wave
Come tow'ring on—the tempest has gone forth,

And rides the billows that in madness rave!

Whilst the fierce albat of the infuriate North

Whitens and drives along!—there is no space

Between the heav'n and sea—the skies descend

In waters on the ocean—whose wild face

Frowns on the heav'n, and terrific blend

All elements of horror!—ah! but mark!

Seen dimly through the haze that struggling speck;

—'Tis gone—again 'tis seen!—It is some bark;

And gallant hearts are there! see, on the deck

With calm firm dignity there stands a form,

That like a genius guides the little wreck

Through the vast abyss of the whelming storm!

Divide! ye clouds, and pour your thunders round!

Ye Waters, swell! Ye mountain billows roll!

Yawn thou dread Ocean, to thy depth profound!

Ye cannot move that great, intrepid soul!

Though Death in ghastly shapes is hovering near,

Not from one visage does the colour fly,

Or has one seaman given a shriek of fear!

Whilst Norris lives, they feel hope cannot die!

But see that giant wave in dreadful state

Crown'd like a king of waters, with a wreath

Of foam, move on terrifically great,

And frown o'er subject billows far beneath!

Beneath Norris views it, anxious—without fear,

Marks it approach—nor shrinks to meet the doom,

And bids his crew against the shock prepare

And looks with calmness on his coming tomb!

It comes!—his lips are severed with the word

Of caution and command—beware! beware!

That voice has come! and now, no more is heard

But one wild burst of horror and despair!

And nought is seen but one dark host of wave!

That toss in triumph their huge heads in air—

Again the dark slow rises from its grave—

The Captain is not there—far down the tide

Some saw, or thought they saw his streaming hair,

And one, his lifted hands to Heav'n descried!

—And he is gone for ever—on his brow

His widow's tears shall fall not—the green sea

Shall he not on his breast—yet is he now

Though buried in the waves, as none unto his God!

And he is gone for ever—in his youth

Wash'd like some flower from off the river's side;

The hand of Friendship, and the heart of Truth,

Lie cold beneath the Baltic's stormy tide.

Yet still his memory some relief must yield,

To ease the anguish that would else o'erwhelm!

Dies not the soldier best upon the field?

And died not Norris bravely at his helm?

Died he not bravely? ah! but he is dead!

And in that thought all consolation dies!

Can we recall the spirit that has fled?

Can we allure him from his kindred sea?

How many now that look'd to him alone,

For hope, and comfort, and support, are left

Of all in him? how many more will own
None can supply the place that he has left
In the warm breast. The manly virtues grew
And flourish'd with him—yet of tender heart,
In honor spotless, and in friendship true,
He bore at once the brave, and gentle part.
And come, ye seamen! gallant, hardy race!
Nor blush to find a tear is trickling down
The furrow'd traces of each sea beat face,
That heart wrung tear virtue is proud to own!

Oh, come and mourn your Brother and your
Friend!

He knew and loved ye, and was loved again—
And think on Norria sometimes when ye bend
In pensive sadness o'er his grave—the Main!

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

The following account of a prevented sacrifice, in India, contains particulars of Hindu superstitions, with which we were previously unacquainted. The transaction took place at Puchmurry, in the Goand Hills.

At a short distance from Puchmurry, there is a celebrated natural cave, in the bottom of a solid rock, and this being sacred to Mahadeo, and otherwise very famous, great numbers of pilgrims annually resort to it for the purpose of prayer and ablution, in a small quantity of water, with which the bottom of the cave is always covered, owing to a continual dripping from the roof. The female part of the pilgrimage, however, have more sensible motives for their visit to this wild, unattractive place of worship; and it is their zeal for increasing the native population that gives rise to one of the most cruel and murderous sacrifices that takes place in India.

When a woman has been so long barren as to make even hope itself turn to despair, she proceeds thither, and after going through the usual ceremonies, entreats Mahadeo to remove her unfruitfulness, and concludes the whole with vowing to sacrifice her first-born infant at his shrine, by dashing it headlong from a high and craggy rock, close to the one in which his cave is! This most dreadful act is executed, I was told, yearly, by at least one mother; but it bore a different aspect while I was there, and it is this of which I am about to inform you. The case was that of a full grown woman, who came to destroy herself in conformity with a former vow of her mother's, and my curiosity being greatly excited, I went in company with another gentleman, to witness the whole proceeding—in the event of our not being able to put a stop to it altogether. We found the woman sitting near the base of the rock, from which she was to cast herself headlong; having in one hand a knife and a cocoa-nut, and in the other a small looking glass. She appeared to be about thirty, and as ugly as any woman could well be; several Brahmins were near her, but she seemed to regard no one,—merely exclaiming, at the intervals, "Deo b, hur Jee," in a loud and disagreeable tone of voice.

On enquiring into the cause of the approaching suicide, I was informed that the woman's mother had vowed, in former days, to offer up her first-born, to Mahadeo; and that her sterility having thereby been

removed, she had borne this child and several others. Either through forgetfulness, however, or the strength of maternal affection, she neglected to destroy this eldest proof of the god's omnipotence, and the girl grew up, and got married in due course of time. Her husband soon after died, and a second, whom she wedded, followed the example of his predecessor; as did her father and mother not long after. These accumulated misfortunes drove the woman nearly mad, and for two months previous to the time of which I am speaking, she had done nothing but wander about the village, eating every thing that was offered her—no matter by whom. In consequence of this she had soon lost her caste, and the seclusion from her own friends, which this circumstance rendered indispensable, completed her misery; and having taken it into her head, that all these mishaps were the consequences of her mother's vow remaining unfulfilled, she determined to proceed and execute it in her own person.

Colonel Adams had, with that humanity which forms so conspicuous a part of his character, directed his own principal hircarrah, and a Brahmin to accompany us, and to explain to the woman that no such sacrifices were ordered, or in any way authorized, by any of their own laws, and to use their utmost endeavours (excepting force) to prevent the self-destruction. The Brahmins who accompanied the woman, joined us most heartily in our efforts to change her resolution. She was perfectly sensible, and understood every thing we said to her; but a decided negative was the only answer we could get to our entreaties that she would refrain from sacrificing herself. Her Brahmins told us that if she would only return, her friends would willingly and kindly receive her, and that no disgrace whatever would attach itself to her name if she declined fulfilling the vow of her mother. We likewise made known to her that Colonel Adams would have her conducted safely back, and the Soubadar of Huriah, the place of her residence, would (as the Brahmins said he had offered to do before she set out) give her a pair of bullocks and a small piece of ground for her support. In fine, every thing that could possibly be urged, and every advantageous offer that could be made, proved quite ineffectual in shaking, even in the least degree, her resolution of dying.

The warmth and good will with which the Colonel's hircarrah (himself a high-caste Hindoo) endeavoured to save the unhappy woman, were not less creditable than surprising; and every Brahmin present seconded his efforts with the most sincere good will imaginable. She was so determined, however, upon taking the leap, that instead of listening to us with satisfaction, she repeatedly ordered the music to play, so that our voices might be drowned; but a slight and silent hint from us, was quite enough to insure disobedience to her orders on the part of the musicians; and indeed every one present, seemed heartily to wish us success. One old Brahmin was so very importunate with her, that she threw the before-mention-

ed cocoa-nut at his head, with such force and violence as would, had it struck him, have very speedily stopped his rhetoric; but luckily it came against a stone and was dashed to pieces.

After remaining there several hours, during which time great quantities of sweetmeats were offered to her, of which she ate very greedily and seeing that her determination had not been in the least degree subdued, I thought it useless to stay any longer; but left the hircarrah there with directions to continue his efforts, and to give me a regular account of the sacrifice, in case he found it impossible to put a stop to it. About two hours after my return to camp, I had the pleasure of seeing the woman enter it also, accompanied by an immense crowd; and on enquiry I learned that after my departure she had continued inexorable till she got near the top of the precipice, when she fainted away, and remained senseless for a long time; that upon coming to herself again, Ram Sing (the hircarrah) seeing a little irresolution in her countenance, took advantage of the circumstance, and, falling at her feet, conjured her to abandon her horrible intention. The Brahmins joined with him until she was prevailed upon to return to camp, whence Colonel Adams, having furnished her with money to defray her expences, got her conducted home.

From the above account, for the authenticity of every part of which I can vouch, it may be inferred that these sacrifices are not owing to the Brahmins, and that no intoxicating drugs or liquors are made use of to stimulate the victim's resolution, or to deaden her feelings; but that the Brahmins themselves are ready and willing to use all their endeavours to prevent so horrible a custom. The infanticide, which is practised at Puchmurry, is a most horrible and barbarous custom, but that is the act of the parents, not of any one else; and it would, I doubt not, be prohibited altogether if practised in our territories; but those hills belong to the Bhoonslah; and we have of course nothing to say to them.

SECT OF INDIAN DRISTS.

The following account of the *Saude*, a religious sect in the Upper Provinces, is from the Second Report of the Calcutta Committee of the Church Missionary Society.

1. In March 1816, I went with two other gentlemen from Futteh-gurh, on the invitation of the principal persons of the *Saude* sect, to witness an assemblage of them, for the purpose of religious worship, in the city of Furruckhabad, the general meeting of the sect being that year in that city.

2. The assembly took place within the Court-yard (*Daulan*) of a large house. The number of men, women, and children, was considerable: we were received with great attention, and chairs were placed for us in front of the *Deurhee*, or hall. After some time, when the place was quite full of people, the worship commenced. It consisted solely in the chanting of a hymn, this being the only mode of public worship used by the *Saude*.

3. At subsequent periods, I made par-

ticular enquiries relative to the religious opinions and practices of this sect, and was frequently visited by Bhuwance Dos, the principal person of the sect, in the city of Furruckhabad.

4. The following is the substance of the account given by Bhuwance Dos, of the origin of his sect :

5. About the Sumbut year 1600, or 177 years ago, a person named Beer,bh,an, inhabitant of Beej,hasur near Narnoul, in the province of Dehli, received a miraculous communication from Ooda Dos, teaching him the particulars of the religion now professed by the Sauds—Ooda Dos, at the same time gave to Beer,bh,an marks by which he might know him on his re-appearance: 1st. That whatever be foretold should happen. 2d. That no shadow should be cast from his figure. 3d. That he would tell him his thoughts. 4th. That he would be suspended between heaven and earth. 5th. That he would bring the dead to life.

6. Bhuwance Dos presented me with a copy of the *Pot,hee*, or religious book of the Sauds, written in a kind of verse, in the *Thenth* Hindoe dialect, and he fully explained to me the leading points of their religion.

7. The Sauds utterly reject and abhor all kinds of idolatry, and the Ganges is considered by them with no greater veneration than by Christians, although the converts are made chiefly, if not entirely from among the Hindoos, whom they resemble in outward appearance. Their name for God is *Sutgur*; and *Saud*, the appellation of the sect, means, servant of God. They are pure deists, and their form of worship is most simple, as I have already stated.

8. The Sauds resemble the Quakers, in their customs, in a remarkable degree.

9. Ornaments and gay apparel of every kind are strictly prohibited; their dress is always white.

10. They never make any obeisance or salutation.

11. They will not take an oath, and they are exempted in the Court of Justice; their asseveration, as that of the Quakers, being considered equivalent.

12. The Sauds profess to abstain from all luxuries, such as tobacco, paun, opium, and wine.—They never have nauches or dancing.

13. All attack on man or beasts is forbidden but in self defence, resistance is allowable.

14. Industry is enjoined. The Sauds, like the Quakers, take great care of their poor and infirm people. To receive assistance out of the *punt* or tribe, would be reckoned disgraceful, and render the offender liable to excommunication.

15. All parade of worship is forbidden. Secret prayer is commended; alms should be most unostentatious; they are not to be done that they should be seen of men.

16. The due regulation of the tongue is a principal duty.

17. The chief seats of the Saud sect, are Dehli, Agra, Jypoor, and Furruckhabad, but there are several of the sect scattered

over the country. An annual meeting takes place at one or other of the cities above mentioned, at which the concerns of the sect are settled.

18. The magistrate of Furruckhabad informed me, that he had found the Sauds, an orderly and well conducted people; they are chiefly engaged in trade.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.—*Midas*.—This very popular burlesque was performed, for the first time this season, on Wednesday; Apollo by Duruset, and Mysa by Miss Tree. Both are favourites with us; the former from his melodious voice and unaffected style, the latter from her sweet notes and pleasing manner. Duruset touches the heart as much as any vocalist we ever heard, and never fails to make us love music by the simple yet graceful way in which he sings; displaying at once a rich organ, and cultivated talent. Mr. and Mrs. Liston, and Emery, played their old parts, with their old effect.

FOREIGN DRAMA.

SECOND THEATRE FRANÇAIS.

First representation of *Les Comédiens*, a comedy in 5 acts, by M. Casimir Delavigne (author of the *Sicilian Vespers*).

Molière once intended to write a comedy on the *players*: but he confined himself merely to two excellent scenes in his *Impromptu de Versailles*, and he thus apologizes for not having fulfilled his original design:—"I have my reasons for renouncing it; and to say the truth, I never thought the thing worth the pains. It is a trifle, a joke which would never excite laughter."

What appeared so hazardous to Molière, has not, however, frightened a very young author. M. Delavigne has chosen actors for his leading characters, and he seems to have introduced himself among them; for the dramatic author who is the victim of the vanity and rivalry of the performers, resembles M. Delavigne, since he is a young poet full of ardour, imagination, and talent. He sends a new comedy to the manager of the Bourdeaux Theatre, and after a thousand refusals and complaints, the performers are prevailed on to accept their parts and the evening is fixed for the first representation. The author is more than usually interested in its success, as on that success depends his marriage with a young and beautiful actress of the Bourdeaux Theatre. On the other hand, a cousin of the young actress, arrives *incognito* from India, to marry her, or at least to make her a sharer in an immense fortune bequeathed to him by an uncle. The young gentleman accidentally meets the principal comic performer of the Bourdeaux company, from whom he learns that his fair cousin has embraced the theatrical profession. He wishes to see her without being known, and for this purpose he assumes the character of a theatrical inspector from Paris. The comic actor, before mentioned, transforms himself into an author, and gives him a roll of blank paper, which is humbly presented to the president of the

committee, who promises to extend his protection to the new work.

There is another character, a young English nobleman, who has become acquainted with a Baroness, a charming widow, whom he resolves to marry. The Baroness, however, is no other than a comic actress of the theatre, whom the noble lord, to his no small mortification, recognizes on the stage in the part of a chambermaid.

These characters have a peculiarly original and comic colouring. When the evening appointed for the representation of the author's play, is near at hand, some disputes arise between the performers, as to the merits of their respective characters. These difficulties are however surmounted, and the piece is performed with the highest success. He now arrives at the *dénouement*. Of course all mistakes are cleared up. The British peer is in a furious rage, at being duped by an actress; the Indian cousin renounces the hand of *Lucille*, who receives a fortune of two hundred thousand francs, and the two lovers are united. *Lucille* is represented as a model of decorum and virtue.

The first and second acts were loudly applauded; some degree of coolness was manifested during the third; a few symptoms of disapprobation occurred during the fourth; and the fifth was crowned with enthusiastic success. Such is the history of this representation, which attracted a numerous and brilliant audience.

At Versailles, Paesello's opera of *King Theodore at Venice* has been revived. This opera, when first brought out at Paris, about thirty years ago, was performed for seventy successive nights.

THEATRE DES VARIETES.

First representation of *l'Ennui*, or *Le Comte Derfort*.—Arthur Count Derfort, being satiated with pleasure of every kind, falls a victim to *ennui*; his days are spent in indolence, and his life becomes such a burden to him, that he resolves to rid himself of it, and to transfer his fortune to his friend Arundel. The latter, however, instead of accepting the offer, undertakes to cure the Count. He persuades him that the title and estates of the house of Derfort, which he possesses, are the property of the gardener Robin, who has been unjustly deprived of his right. Thus, supposing he is reduced solely to his own resources, Arthur feels all his faculties developed with fresh ardour and activity; his heart opens to sensations which he had lost, and he endeavours to render himself serviceable to his old servants whom he had neglected. He exerts himself to obtain the liberation of Arundel, who is confined for debt, and he engages to take the management of a manufactory. Finally, he is happy, and his happiness would be augmented should the young and beautiful Marie consent to become his wife; but being now destitute of fortune, he cannot presume to offer her his hand. Marie, however, guesses his secret; she loves him, and delights in being able to console him for the losses he has sustained.

Concluding that his remedy has completely succeeded, and that the Count has no

longer any reason to apprehend an attack of the spleen, Arundel explains the stratagem he had employed. On hearing this Marie wishes to return the ring which Derfort presented to her as a pledge of his attachment; but the Count resolves to marry her.

VARIETIES.

Augsburg, 19th April.—Last night at 7 hours 39 minutes, there was seen here a meteor, which appeared nearly three times as large and three times as bright as the beautiful planet Venus. This meteor came from the East South East, passed by the moon 3° to the north, and by Venus 16° to the south, and descended within 8° to the western horizon, where it disappeared behind a cloud. It passed in 4 seconds from the neighbourhood of the moon to the place where it vanished in the western horizon; it emitted a beautiful bright red and bluish lustre.

The Philadelphia theatre was destroyed by fire, said to be the work of incendiaries, on the 4th of April.

Munich, 22d April.—The celebrated traveller, Mr. F. W. Sieber, has sold to the Royal Academy, his collection of Antiquities collected in Candia, Egypt and Palestine; but interesting as these objects are, much greater attention is excited by a pamphlet which Mr. Sieber has just published, under the title of "the Cure of declared Hydrophobia." The author speaks with such decided conviction of the discovery, that neither the physician nor the psychologist can avoid feeling hope and confidence.

A dramatic writer, whose piece was hissed, was consolingly told by a "d—d good-natured friend," that he should submit without irritation to the voice of the public.—"Poh!" he exclaimed, "don't talk to me about it, unless you can tell me how many fools make the public!"

They seem determined in France to follow up the new order of Parnassus, which has, so creditably to his Majesty, been commenced in the person of Sir Walter Scott, as we find prefixed to a translation of "LALLA ROOKEE," just published in Paris, a biographical sketch of the author, entitled "Notice sur Sir Thomas Moore."

Extra-judicial, Medical Criticism on the Drama! Dr. Pearson has invaded our province, and we cannot allow his inroad to pass without resistance. In the Drury Lane Play-bill of Monday, (a very unfair vehicle for such an attack as he has made on the dramatic talents of the proprietor and manager of that theatre) the learned Doctor says,

"I think it my duty to state, for the satisfaction of the Public, that although Mr. Elliston is considerably relieved from his late severe disorder, he is still so ill as to be incapable of any performance in his profession without considerable hazard."

"GEORGE PEARSON, M. D.
"Sunday, May 7, 1820, George Street,
"Hanover Square."

Now why the Esculapian critic should imagine it would give satisfaction to the public

to know that Mr. Elliston was prevented by illness from appearing before it, is to us incomprehensible; especially as the repetition of a successful new piece, no less than the Lady and the Devil, depends on his recovery. We advise the Doctor to stick to the Hanover Square Rooms; and leave the Drama to us, who know how to treat its symptoms.

These Play-bills, *en passant*, are becoming more amusing than in their ancient dry and barren state. That to which we have alluded also desires "The Tradesmen of the theatre to make up their accounts to the 1st of May, that they may be examined and discharged." We look with impatience to see the new act brought into Parliament for amending the Drury Lane building act, printed at the bottom with the accounts of the 'broad farical, pantomimical drama of Harlequin's invasion;' we mean no allusion to Mr. Calcraft, who brought in the (Parliamentary) Bill, nor any pun on the (Theatrical) Bill, in which we advise its insertion.

Transposition.—An ungrammatist, looking at the posting bills, in which the success of *King Lear* is so largely inscribed, observed, that it was nothing but *Ink Glare*.

Lear, after to-day, is announced to be performed *thrice* a week, instead of *every night*; and the bills say that the new tragedy of *Virginius* is deferred in consequence of this '*increasing attraction*.' Another paragraph, among these samples of unintelligible absurdity, runs in these words:—

"Mr. KEAR, is sustaining his newly acquired honours with the most astonishing effects, and the whole Corps Dramatique are anxious to uphold the reputation, which their united endeavours have given, to this unequalled production of our immortal Bard."—*J. C.* Mr. Kear's newly acquired honours!!!

LITERARY NOTICES.

Mr. Croly, the author of the noble poem of Paris, and other excellent productions, is about to publish a poem, in the Spenser stanza, entitled, "The Angel of the World," founded on the celebrated story of Haruth and Maruth, told by Mahomet, as a warning against the dangers of wine. The angel delegated to rule the earth, is tempted by a spirit sent to try his virtue, and is undone. The poem abounds in descriptions of the more splendid phenomena of earth and air in the East. The scene of the temptation is placed in view of Damascus, the rose and wonder of Asia.

Warren's Literary Register.—A weekly sheet under this title has been commenced by a young bookseller in Bond Street, and seems to us to be well entitled to countenance. It is a sort of catalogue raisonné of new works published or imported, and, being circulated in a convenient shape, unmixed with other matter, is calculated to extend the knowledge of what is doing in the literary world, and consequently to promote the general interests of literature. There are several (we are at least acquainted with two) records of this kind in Paris, and it is curious that in London, where so

much more bookselling business is done, there has hitherto been no production of this useful nature, if we except Messrs. Longman and Company's monthly lists, which are however more effective in the country than in the metropolis.

A quarterly literary work has been established at Botany Bay.

Contents of the Journal des Savans for April.
Roguefort, Supplement Glossaire de la Langue Romane.—Reviewed by M. Raynourd.

Martin, Memoires sur l'Armenie.—M. Silvestre de Sacy.

Walckenaer, Le Monde Maritime.—M. Abel Remusat.

Dodwell, Tour in Greece.—M. Letronne.
Strabo, French Translation of.—M. Raoul Rochette.

Rochette, Dictionnaire Universel de la Langue Française.—M. Daunou.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

MAY, 1820.

Thursday, 4—Thermometer from 39 to 55.
Barometer from 30, 15 to 30, 05.

Wind E. b. S. $\frac{1}{2}$, and N. E. 1.—Generally cloudy.

Friday, 5—Thermometer from 31 to 54.
Barometer from 30, 05 to 30, 08.

Wind N. E. and E. 1.—Generally cloudy, till noon.

Saturday, 6—Thermometer from 26 to 61.
Barometer, from 30, 06 to 29, 95.

Wind S. S. W. $\frac{1}{2}$ and 3.—Morning clear, with a sharp white frost; the rest of the day generally cloudy; Rain in the evening.

Sunday, 7—Thermometer from 41 to 64.
Barometer from 29, 78 to 29, 82.

Wind W. and W. S. W. 1.—Clouds passing; sunshine at times.

Rain fallen, .025 of an inch.

Monday, 8—Thermometer from 47 to 62.
Barometer from 29, 91 to 29, 83.

Wind S. b. W. and S. b. E. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Generally cloudy; Rain in the evening, and partial showers during the day.

Tuesday, 9—Thermometer from 45 to 64.
Barometer from 29, 82 to 29, 89.

Wind S. b. W. 2.—Morning cloudy, with sunshine; the rest of the day clear. Lightning in the S. F. about 10 P. M.

Rain fallen, .175 of an inch.

Wednesday, 10—Thermometer from 42 to 62.
Barometer from 29, 89 to 30, 02.

Wind S. W. 3. Alternate showers and sunshine.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * We are compelled to postpone our intended notice of the Literary Fund for another week; and indeed, the present pressure of new and interesting publications, obliges us to curtail our miscellaneous more than at any other period of the season.

Mr. Nugent Bell's extraordinary work, on the Recovery of the Huntington Peerage, respecting which we purposed to add another notice to that contained in our No. 165, has been published; but we have not been able to perform our design. The same may be said of Wordsworth's new Poems, of which we have not had it in our power to resume the consideration, since they issued from the press. We hold all these matters, however, to be debts due to our readers, to be discharged as speedily as possible.

Miscellaneous Advertisements. (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE of "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," is now open for Exhibition, at Bullock's Great Room, upstairs to the right, from ten till six.—Admission 1s.—Catalogue 6d.
"Fear not Daughter of Zion; behold thy King cometh, sitting on an ass's colt."

MR. GLOVER'S Exhibition of Oil and Water Colour Paintings is now open, at the Great Rooms, No. 16, Old Bond-street, from nine till dusk. Admittance 1s.—Catalogue 6d.

THE CHEVALIER ISABEY, from France, is now sitting up the spacious Gallery, No. 61, Pall-mall, for the EXHIBITION, in a few days, of his extensive COLLECTION of HISTORICAL DESIGNS, Portraits, Landscapes, and Water-colour Drawings, which have already attracted the attention of the lovers of the Fine Arts in the other capital cities of Europe.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CONDUIT STREET.
Messrs. COLBURN and Co. beg leave to acquaint their subscribers and the public, that the NEW FOREIGN CATALOGUE of this extensive and valuable Library, comprising a large collection of the most esteemed Modern Publications in the FRENCH, ITALIAN, SPANISH and PORTUGUESE Languages, is now ready for delivery, and may be had through any bookseller in the United Kingdom, or on application at the Library, where printed cards of terms may also be obtained. At this Library, which is regularly supplied with every interesting New Publication, Subscribers may be accommodated at any distance from town, with whatever books they desire, by paying a proportionate subscription.

Medals and Books, Books of Prints, Loose Engravings, Napoleon Medals, &c.

By Mr. Bullock, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Wednesday next, at one precisely.

A Select and valuable LIBRARY of BOOKS, the genuine property of a private gentleman; among which are, Boydell's Collection of British Portraits; Life of Cromwell, 1. p., illustrated; Portraits of illustrious Personages, proofs; Evelyn's Memoirs, 4 vols., illustrated; Milani's Etruscan Vases, 2 vols.; Handel's Songs, 9 vols.; Parliamentary Debates, 108 vols.; and many other interesting and valuable works. Also a few Books of Prints, and loose Engravings; the Napoleon Medals, &c. To be viewed and Catalogues had three days preceding.

Fossils.

By Mr. Bullock, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Monday, May 15, at one precisely.

A Small but very fine Collection of ORGANIZED FOSSILS, from the Blue Lias Formation at Lyme and Charmouth, in Dorsetshire, consisting principally of Bones, illustrating the osteology of the Ichthio-Saurus, or Proto-Saurus, and of specimens of the Zoophyte called Pentacrinite, the genuine property of a private gentleman, and collected at considerable expense. To be viewed three days preceding, and Catalogues had.

Birds.

By Mr. Bullock, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Tuesday, May 16, and two following days, at one precisely.

A Very rare assemblage of PRESERVED BIRDS, comprising some of the most beautiful objects of foreign ornithology that have ever been offered for public sale; including many undescribed species. Also a few Quadrupeds in good preservation. To be viewed, and Catalogues had three days preceding, Sunday excepted.

Pictures.

By Mr. Bullock, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Saturday, May 20th, at one precisely.

A Small Collection of highly finished CABINET PICTURES, the genuine property of a private gentleman; among which are several specimens of considerable merit, particularly the works of Leo da Vinci, Titoretto, Breughel, Cagliari, Giorgione, Old Tiersen, Jan Steen, Zuccerelli, &c. To be viewed and Catalogues had three days preceding.

Drawings and Engravings.

By Mr. Bullock, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Tuesday, May 23d, at one precisely.

A very fine Collection of highly finished Water-color DRAWINGS, by the most eminent Artists, chiefly of the English School, comprising many of the finest productions of De Winc, Girtin, Nicholson, Nash, Westall, Hill, Owen, Robert, Fuseli, Varley, Laite, Rowlandson, Cox, Smith, Thurston, Mackenzie, Barrey, Dorell. To be viewed and Catalogues had two days preceding.

Antique and Modern Marble Sculpture, Italian Marble Slabs, &c.

By Mr. Bullock, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Tuesday, May 20th, at one precisely.

A very valuable assemblage of Antique and Modern ITALIAN MARBLE SCULPTURE, consisting of Groups, single Figures, and Busts, particularly Groups of the Roman Charity, Prometheus, Bacchus on the Goat, Amalthea, Cupid and Psyche, of the school of Canova; a Venus, by Locatelli; and others of fine execution. Also a pair of Oriental Columns, with beautifully sculptured Marble Capitals, antique and in fine preservation; a Verd Antique, Granite, Porphyry, and other Italian Marble Slabs, &c. To be viewed and Catalogues had three days preceding.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

Southey's Life of Wesley.

In 2 vols. 8vo. with portraits, 1l. 6s. boards.
THE LIFE OF WESLEY, and the RISE and PROGRESS of METHODISM. By ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq. Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London. Of whom may be had, by the same author, *Posthumous Works*, 14 vols. fols. 8vo. 6l. 10s. 6d. *History of Brazil*, 3 vols. 4to. 7l. 10s. boards, with a Map.

New Edition of Debrete's Peerage.

Neatly printed, on a fine paper, in 2 large volumes, price in boards, 1l. 4s. a new edition, considerably improved, and corrected to the present time, being the thirteenth of

THE PEERAGE of the UNITED KINGDOM of GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND, with the extinct and forfeited Peerages, a List of their Family Names, second Titles, &c. and a Translation of their Mottoes. Also, a List of Knights Grand Crosses, Knights Commanders, and Commanders of the Bath, alphabetically arranged, and of British Subjects holding Foreign Orders of Knighthood. By JOHN DEBRETE, Editor of the New Baronetage of England. Printed for Rivingtons, Egerton, Cuthell, Clarke, Longman and Co. Cadell and Davies, Richardson, Booth, Lloyd, Booker, Black and Co. Murray, Baldwin and Co. Rogers, Hatchard, Harding, Rodwell and Martin, and Edwards and Knibb. Of whom may be had, a new edition of the New Baronetage of England, in two large volumes, price in boards 1l. 8s.

Summer Excursions.

Price 1ls. bound, an improved edition, corrected to the present time, with an entire new Series of Engravings by Greig, mostly from original Drawings.

THE GUIDE to all the WATERING and SEABATHING PLACES for 1820; containing full and accurate Descriptions of each Place, and of the Curiosities and striking objects in the Environs, and forming an agreeable and useful companion during a residence at any of the Places, or during a summer tour in quest of health or pleasure. By THE EDITOR of the PICTURE of LONDON. Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, and to be had of the Librarians and Booksellers at the Place described.

The 4th edition, enlarged, &c. &c.

FACTS and OBSERVATIONS on OBSTRUCTIONS of the LIVER, and those various extensive and often complicated disorders of the Constitution originating from this source; with Practical Remarks on the Treatment, and the different Properties of the Biliary and Gastric Secretions; and upon other important points essential to health, illustrated with Cases. By JOHN FAITHORN, M. D. London: Printed for Longman and Co.; sold also by Williams, Cheltenham; Perry, Leamington; and Blackburn, Harrogate.

THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE and LITERARY MISCELLANY.

being a New Series of the Scots Magazine, for April, 1820. Contents.—Remarks on "The Monastery." On the Restoration of the Parthenon. Illustrations of the Topography of Troy, with a Review of the Opinions of preceding Writers (concluded). Remarks on the Miscellaneous Poetry of Goethe. Journal of a Visit to Holland, including an Account of the Great Works at Catwiche; Letter X. Notes from an Old Diary, relating to the Rebellion of 1745. Cansons of Tasso. Historical Notices of the popular Superstitions, Traditions, and Customs of Triotdale. Account of an Apparition in Ayrshire. German Reviews. The Rhylander; No. 41. Inquiry respecting an Historical work of Mr. George Mackenzie. A Character of Sir Robert Walpole, from an early Edition of Hume's Essays. Translation from Petrusch. Literary and Scientific Intelligence. Monthly Register, &c. Edinburgh: Printed for Archibald Constable and Co.

In two large vols. 8vo. handsomely printed, with 23 illustrative engravings, price 4l. 10s. boards.

A JOURNEY in CARNIOLA, ITALY, and FRANCE, in the Years 1817-1818; containing Remarks relating to Language, Geography, History, Antiquities, Natural History, Science, Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Agriculture, the Mechanical Arts, and Manufactures. By W. A. CADELL, Esq. F. R. S. Printed for Archibald Constable and Co. Edinburgh; and Hurst, Robinson, and Co. London.

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